

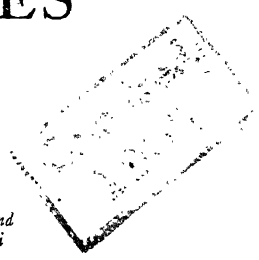
MORE SHORT BIOGRAPHIES

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MORE SHORT
BIOGRAPHIES

EDITED BY

R. C. GOFFIN, M.A.

*Formerly of the Indian Educational Service and
Professor of English, Cotton College, Gaubati*



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• COMPANION VOLUMES

Six Short Biographies

Some Roundabout Papers : A Selection of Modern Essays

Chapters from the English Novelists

PREFACE

IN an introductory note to a previous collection of short biographies, I ventured to point to two essential elements of this kind. The first was that the subject should be sufficiently remarkable. As in a work of art the value is discoverable in its uncommon, not its common denominator ; so the biographer artist finds his mark in those special qualities which differentiate his subject from ordinary men.

The second characteristic was that the treatment should be significant in every sentence and phrase. Leslie Stephen, the expert of English national biography, in the extract which follows, endorses this judgement. He adduces, however, another consideration. To gauge what is significant, he points out, means that the background of the subject must first be thoroughly explored and known. Now, this knowledge must come not only from the patently striking, but the seemingly trivial as well. Only so can one decide what is trivial, and what is ' exceptional '. As Plutarch remarks in his preface to the *Life of Alexander the Great* : ' My interest is not to write histories, but only lives. For the noblest deeds do not always show men's virtues and vices, but oftentimes a light occasion, a word, or some sport, makes men's natural dispositions and manners appear more plain, than the famous battles won, wherein are slain ten thousand men, or the great armies, or cities won by siege or

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PREFACE

He has either a thesis to maintain, and then he won't look ; or he is too close to see the whole in focus.

It is a difficult game, evidently, this short biography writing. But if bias there must be, let it be on the side of the angels. In Carlyle's trite and rounded phrase, ' the history of the world is the biography of great men '. All of us, I suggest, happily and readily accept our ' hero as divinity '. But the myth of the maker of lives must ring true.

Some of the biographies which follow have been slightly abridged and modified to suit the purpose of this volume ; for variety's sake the order of presentation is not chronological.

R.C.G.

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THE publisher's thanks are due to : Messrs. Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd., for permission to reprint an extract from Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer* ; the British Academy for the article on Lord Curzon by D. G. Hogarth ; the Encyclopædia Britannica Company for ' Charles Dickens ' by Professor Thomas Seccombe ; Mr. Charles Williams for ' Queen Victoria ' from *Biographical Studies* ; Mr. Frederick Page for his study of T. E. Lawrence, specially written for this volume.

PREFACE

assault.' The task will not necessarily be simplified by the wealth of material available ; on the other hand, a very real embarrassment may arise from riches. This is true of the full-length portrait ; it is truer still of the vignette.

One more observation, one that seems to stand corollary to these generalizations. If knowledge of background be requisite to this art, then surely also sympathy, or at least some sense of kinship with its subject, is equally necessary. Dr. Hogarth, for example, who understood and loved the ways and traditions and antiquities of the east so well, realizes for us a Curzon that perhaps our mere political writers have been apt to miss. Or again, I think, in reading the biography of Goldsmith by Thackeray, also included in this book, the congruity of character between author and subject emerges very clearly, and adds a special sort of virtue to the portrait.

Dr. Hogarth's sketch of Curzon provides, too, a good example of freedom from the besetting sin of the warmly sympathetic biographer : the tendency to think only of those aspects that appeal to his own spirit. Hogarth's portrait gives us something at any rate of the whole man, statesman, archaeologist, human being. Tendentiousness too frequently characterizes the biographical work of the contemporary writer, one who might appear on a superficial judgement (but we must not forget our Boswell) the best able to know and to judge. The common nemesis of the biographer too close to his subject, still more of the autobiographer, is that he can hardly remain sufficiently disinterested.

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INTRODUCTION

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY¹

THE provinces of the historian and the biographer are curiously distinct, although they are closely related. History is of course related to biography inasmuch as most events are connected with some particular person. Even the most philosophical of historians cannot describe the Norman Conquest without reference to William and to Harold. And, on the other side, every individual life is to some extent an indication of the historical conditions of his time. The most retired recluse is the product at least of his parents and his schooling, and is affected by contemporary thought. And yet, the curious thing is the degree in which this fact can be ignored on both sides. If we look at any of the ordinary collections of biographical material, we shall constantly be struck by the writer's unconsciousness of the most obvious inferences. He will mention a fact which in the hands of the historian might clear up a political problem, or which may be strikingly characteristic of the social conditions of the time, without, as Mr. Herbert Spencer² would say, noting the 'necessary implications'. A contemporary of course takes things for granted which we see to be exceptional; or he may supply, without knowing it, evidence that will be useful in settling a controversy which has not yet come to light. In the ordinary books such facts, again, have often been repeated

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literature of the period the materials for a picture which, with whatever shortcomings, was at least incomparably brilliant and lifelike. Now, the first office of the biographer is to facilitate what I may call the proper reaction between biography and history ; to make each study throw all possible light on the other ; and so to give fresh vitality to two different lines of study, which though their mutual dependence is obvious, can yet be divorced so effectually by the mere Dryasdust.⁷

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BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

mechanically, and readers are not rarely half asleep when they look at their manual. Thus I have sometimes noticed that a man may be in one sense a most accomplished biographer; that is, that he can tell you off-hand a vast number of facts, genealogical, official, and so forth, and yet has never, as we say, put two and two together. I have read lives giving minute details about the careers of authors, which yet prove unmistakably that the writers had no general knowledge of the literature of the period. A man will know every fact about all the people mentioned, say, in Boswell,³ and yet have no conception of the general position of Johnson, or Burke, or Goldsmith in English literature. He seems to have walked through a great gallery blindfold, or rather with some strange affection of the eyes which enabled him to make a catalogue without receiving any general impression of the pictures. The great Mr. Sherlock Holmes⁴ has insisted upon the value of the most insignificant facts: and if Mr. Holmes had turned his mind to history instead of modern criminal cases, he would have found innumerable little incidents which only require to be skilfully dovetailed together to throw a new light upon many important questions. More can be done by the man of true historical imagination—the man who appreciates the great step made by Scott⁵ when he observed that our ancestors were once as really alive as we are now—and who finds in those countless neglected and apparently barren facts, vivid illustrations of the conditions of life and thought of our predecessors. We all know how Macaulay,⁶ with his love of castle-building, found in obscure newspapers and the fugitive

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

I. OLIVER GOLDSMITH¹

(1730-1774)

WHO, of the millions whom he has amused, does no love Goldsmith? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy.² Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel

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his honour's charity, and prays God bless his Reverence for the sixpence ; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlour-table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half-dozen of Irish dependants who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him : and, one of his daughters being engaged to a squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The small-pox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face, when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce : Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster,⁷ took him in hand ; and from Paddy Byrne, he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-so's *ferule*.⁸ Poor little ancestors ! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched ; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo ! A relative, kind Uncle Contarine, took the main charge of little Noll ; who went through his school-days righteously doing as little work as he could : robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows

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sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the *Vicar of Wakefield*,³ he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose,⁴ whom we all of us know. Swift⁵ was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, that sweet 'Auburn' which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson⁶ brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependants besides those hungry children. He kept an open table; round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and butter-milk; the poor cottier still asks

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perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled the little account in Hades.

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's,¹¹ who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street-singers, who paid him a crown for a poem: and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf¹²—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After college, he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen¹³—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public-house. Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple¹⁴; but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack¹⁵ than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and Uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from

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the story of that famous ' Mistake of a Night ' , when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the ' best house ' ⁹ in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning ; and found, when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith ? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness—and called him Aesop, and little Noll made his repartee of ' Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—See Aesop dancing and his monkey playing : ' One can fancy the queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life, and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person ; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully ; and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the Church, because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat : in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the heirs of Mr. Filby,¹⁰ the tailor, have never been paid to this day ;

poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honourable employ ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one ; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court.¹⁸ He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of¹⁹ to his poor neighbour : he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers : he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol : when he was a school-usuer, he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. 'Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds ?'²⁰ he asked of one of his old pupils. 'Not seen it ? not bought it ? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half an hour.' His purse and his heart were everybody's and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland,

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Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau,¹⁶ whose lectures he proposed to follow. If Uncle Contarine believed those letters—if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America, of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on board ; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage in a nameless ship, never to return ; if Uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair ; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.¹⁷

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and

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Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions: he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault, and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. 'He was wild, sir,' Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart, 'Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more.' Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

For the last half-dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble

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asked if he could be of any service to Dr. Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. 'My patrons,' he gallantly said, 'are the booksellers, and I want no others.' Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did ; but he did not complain much : if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him ; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver, the Court patronized Beattie²¹; the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne.²² Fashion pronounced Kelly²³ to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill humour, but plaintiveness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him not the less amiable. The author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* had a right to protest when Newbery²⁴ kept back the MS. for two years ; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne ; a little angry when Colman's²⁵ actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him ; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's²⁶ table.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career.

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and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependants, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career. I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door. Ah, it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heart yearning for home those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits ‘Auburn’—

Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share,
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;

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necessity ; and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.²⁷ Except in rare instances, a man is known in our profession, and esteemed as a skilful workman, years before the lucky hit which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed ; and, at forty-six, had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed £2,000 when he died. ‘ Was ever poet,’ Johnson asked, ‘ so trusted before ? ’ As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependants. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day), he gave them of his money : if they begged on empty-purse days he gave them his promissory bills : or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit ; or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn,

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his village should admire him ; his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner—nobody in fact was to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetot.²⁹ He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes which had hung fire in London ; he would have talked of his great friends of the Club—of my Lord Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent³⁰—sure he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove with some of the best men in town—and he would have spoken of Johnson and of Burke, from Cork, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him—and he would have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon,³¹ and the masquerades at Madame Cornelys',³² and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride—the lovely Mary Horneck.³³

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humorous amateur artist of those days, when Gillray³⁴ had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends ; cheered and pitied him, travelled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country house at Barton—he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick,³⁵ and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton—but there were to be no more holidays, and only one brief struggle

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To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew—
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline !
Retreats from care that never must be mine—
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate :
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.²⁸

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison—as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest soul—the whole character of the man is told—his humble confession of faults and weakness ; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that

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dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown⁴⁰; but, as I was also no conjurer, it amazed me beyond measure. . . . From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, "I plucked his gown⁴¹ to share the good man's smile"; a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat in point of sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior playmate died alas! in his forty-fifth year, some months after I had attained my eleventh. . . . In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and his foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and his ignorance of the world, his "compassion for another's woe"⁴² was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence.'

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still: his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us: to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and

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more for poor Goldsmith—a lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt³⁶ saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's³⁷ painting-room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman³⁸ has left a touching reminiscence of him (vol. i, 110 [1830]).

‘I was only five years old,’ he says, ‘when Goldsmith took me on his knee while he was drinking coffee one evening with my father, and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap in the face : it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

‘At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery—it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed and he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith . . . seized the propitious moment of returning good humour, so he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, upon the carpet, and a shilling under each. The shillings he told me were England, France, and Spain. “Hey presto cockalorum!”³⁹ cried the Doctor, and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been

their pockets by the needy prodigal. With what difficulty had any one of these men to contend, save that eternal and mechanical one of want of means and lack of capital, and of which thousands of young lawyers, young doctors, young soldiers and sailors, of inventors, manufacturers, shopkeepers, have to complain? Hearts as brave and resolute as ever beat in the breast of any wit or poet, sicken and break daily in the vain endeavour and unavailing struggle against life's difficulty. Don't we see daily ruined inventors, grey-haired midshipmen, balked heroes, blighted curates, barristers pining a hungry life out in chambers, the attorneys never mounting to their garrets, whilst scores of them are rapping at the door of the successful quack below? If these suffer, who is the author, that he should be exempt? Let us bear our ills with the same constancy with which others endure them, accept our manly part in life, hold our own, and ask no more. I can conceive of no kings or laws causing or curing Goldsmith's improvidence, or Fielding's fatal love of pleasure, or Dick Steele's mania for running races with the constable.⁴³ You never can outrun that surefooted officer—not by any swiftness or by dodges devised by any genius, however great; and he carries off the *Tatler* to the spunging-house, or taps the *Citizen of the World*⁴⁴ on the shoulder as he would any other mortal.

Does society look down on a man because he is an author? I suppose if people want a buffoon they tolerate him only in so far as he is amusing; it can hardly be expected that they should respect him as an equal. Is there to be a guard of honour provided for

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forgive : to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

His name is the last in the list of those men of humour who have formed the themes of the discourses which you have heard so kindly. Long before I had ever hoped for such an audience, or dreamed of the possibility of the good fortune which has brought me so many friends, I was at issue with some of my literary brethren upon a point—which they held from tradition I think rather than experience—that our profession was neglected in this country ; and that men of letters were ill-received and held in slight esteem. It would hardly be grateful of me now to alter my old opinion that we do meet with goodwill and kindness, with generous helping hands in the time of our necessity, with cordial and friendly recognition. What claim had any one of these of whom I have been speaking, but genius ? What return of gratitude, fame, affection, did it not bring to all ? What punishment befell those who were unfortunate among them, but that which follows reckless habits and careless lives ? For these faults a wit must suffer like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt. He must pay the tailor if he wears the coat ; his children must go in rags if he spends his money at the tavern ; he can't come to London and be made Lord Chancellor if he stops on the road and gambles away his last shilling at Dublin. And he must pay the social penalty of these follies too, and expect that the world will shun the man of bad habits, that women will avoid the man of loose life, that prudent folks will close their doors as a precaution, and before a demand shall be made on

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no, no. It may pass over your individual case—how many a brave fellow has failed in the race, and perished unknown in the struggle!—but it treats you as you merit in the main. If you serve it, it is not unthankful; if you please it, it is pleased; if you cringe to it, it detests you, and scorns you if you are mean; it returns your cheerfulness with its good humour; it deals not ungenerously with your weaknesses; it recognizes most kindly your merits; it gives you a fair place and fair play. To any one of those men of whom we have spoken was it in the main ungrateful? A king might refuse Goldsmith a pension, as a publisher might keep his masterpiece and the delight of all the world in his desk for two years; but it was mistake, and not ill will. Noble and illustrious names of Swift, and Pope, and Addison! dear and honoured memories of Goldsmith and Fielding!⁴⁹ kind friends, teachers, benefactors! who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honour to the literary calling in the honour which it bestows upon *you*!

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the author of the last new novel or poem? how long is he to reign, and keep other potentates out of possession? He retires, grumbles, and prints a lamentation that literature is despised. If Captain A. is left out of Lady B.'s parties he does not state that the army is despised: if Lord C. no longer asks Counsellor D. to dinner, Counsellor D.⁴⁵ does not announce that the Bar is insulted. He is not fair to society if he enters it with this suspicion hankering about him; if he is doubtful about his reception, how hold up his head honestly, and look frankly in the face that world about which he is full of suspicion? Is he place-hunting, and thinking in his mind that he ought to be made an Ambassador, like Prior,⁴⁶ or a Secretary of State, like Addison? his pretence of equality falls to the ground at once: he is scheming for a patron, not shaking the hand of a friend, when he meets the world. Treat such a man as he deserves; laugh at his buffoonery, and give him a dinner and a *bon jour*;⁴⁷ laugh at his self-sufficiency and absurd assumptions of superiority, and his equally ludicrous airs of martyrdom: laugh at his flattery and his scheming, and buy it, if it's worth the having. Let the wag have his dinner and the hireling his pay, if you want him, and make a profound bow to the *grand homme incompris*,⁴⁸ and the boisterous martyr, and show him the door. The great world, the great aggregate experience, has its good sense, as it has its good humour. It detects a pretender, as it trusts a loyal heart. It is kind in the main: how should it be otherwise than kind, when it is so wise and clear-headed? To any literary man who says, 'It despises my profession,' I say, with all my might—no,

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II. QUEEN VICTORIA¹

(1819-1901)

THE Victorian age, after passing through a period of great approbation, endured another period of strong reprobation. It owed the first largely to its own old age; the second to its children and grandchildren. To both it was close and familiar, and therefore misjudged. But now, as it recedes, it is becoming strange and clear; the web of the whole period lies before us, and we can observe it and even be fair to it. The England of that age is no longer merely a close and offensively senile relation of our own day; it is as remote as the England of Shakespeare, and Queen Victoria as far a figure as Julius Caesar.

She was not, certainly, as important. She had not his creative energy. Her prose style was everything that his was not; so was her personal appearance. Only a very great poet could imagine a serious dialogue between Caesar and Victoria. Yet, in some odd way, that short stout figure in the donkey-carriage of her old age had a remote resemblance—even if it is called a caricature, it is still a resemblance—to certain others of those mythical names. She was a ruler; she was at the head of dominions in the East and the West; she had a profound desire for the peace and the good of her people; she had a real sense of duty and a humble piety. And sometimes where she differed from more modern views—such as on the question of votes for

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itself, had had their effect. They had all helped to produce the beginning of that curious thing, so easily despised, so proper, so respectable, yet so wildly respectable and fantastically proper, which we call English liberalism. It is not the same thing as the old English Liberal Party, though the Party has no doubt liked to think so, and has in fact sometimes been useful to it. It was not in the least the same thing as Queen Victoria. But Victoria was more near to it than she altogether knew. When the roar of cheering went up about her in the year of her Diamond Jubilee, it did not salute a conqueror, a supreme artist, or a devotee. It acclaimed certainly the Majesty of England, but also a woman who was old, who had suffered, who had loved justice and hated iniquity, as far as she could judge it. It shouted round something common to Alexander, to Caesar, to Joan⁶ and Voltaire and Wesley, something shared by everyone in the crowd, common to man.

She was born in 1819, and she was brought up strictly, and in comparative seclusion. It is an old tale that she was not allowed to know of her nearness to the Throne till she was eleven years old ; then she was allowed, as if by chance, to come across a genealogical table. When she understood, she was silent ; then she said : ' I will be good.' It was a resolve to which she did her best to remain faithful ; perhaps it was the inevitable result of her office that she was, later on, a little inclined to say also to others : ' You shall be good.' Towards the end of the century the whole Victorian age was saying the same thing to its young successors, who, not unnaturally, generally

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women—the even more modern view is beginning to wonder if she may not have been right after all.

She entered into a world that was not yet Victorian : she died in a world that was ceasing to be Victorian. She was born in 1819—only four years after the ruling classes of Europe, assisted by a violent growth of patriotic spirit in various countries, had at last crushed the French Revolution and its great military child Napoleon at Waterloo. The ‘fine gentleman’ of the eighteenth century had changed, but he had not wholly disappeared. The lower classes were still very much the lower classes ; the idea of equality had been obviously defeated with the Revolution.² Yet the thing had spread farther than could then be supposed.

Certainly the Industrial Revolution had created a new class of ‘outcasts’, a new horror of a servile and all but cannibal race living in the indescribable filth and pestilence of the cities. Where in Wesley’s³ day the separation had been between the rulers and the middle class on the one hand and field-workers and miners on the other, it was, when Disraeli began his novels, between the upper classes and what we now call ‘the proletariat’. The full title of his *Sybil*, published in 1845, was *Sybil, or, The Two Nations*, and there is no more awful indictment of the social conditions of the time. Yet, largely owing to Wesley, ‘the greater and better part of English society accepted the social structure and moral objective of the nation, as a community of families, all rising, or to be raised, to a higher respectability.’⁴

The toleration taught by Voltaire,⁵ the equality implied by Wesley, the triumphs of the Revolution

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to understand exactly every State document that she ever signed, and they did not grow fewer as the long life went on.

Personal to the highest degree, however, as she was, her life is observable in its relations with the men who surrounded and served her, as much as that of any woman might be. In this she is distinguishable from her great predecessor Elizabeth, for at bottom Elizabeth's real relations with the men of her court remain concealed. It would not be true to say that Elizabeth was insincere, but it is true to say that she profoundly concealed her sincerity. We do not know what she believed nor the degree to which she loved. But the chief quality about Victoria was her sincerity. 'Queen Victoria was as unable to pose as she was to fly.' 'In Victoria it is easy to discern the nature of this underlying element : it was a peculiar sincerity.' Her relations with those around her may be complex, but they are not obscure, and a few intimate relationships record her life.

The Prime Minister, at her accession, was Lord Melbourne, himself a fascinating study. Where Victoria was sure of many things, he was sure of few. Where she believed in principles, he believed in none. She hoped to do good ; he only hoped not to do too much harm. But he was of the great eighteenth century tradition—intelligent with a wise cynicism, disguising his goodwill as much as Victoria professed hers. He found himself, nevertheless, profoundly moved by the young Queen ; she seemed charming, alert, vivid. And to her alert and personal mind, the deference of so personable a man of affairs and of the world was also

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answered by: 'We will be naughty.' But the goodness was a real goodness, and its tyranny, if it existed, was very short.

She was trained for her future office—as far, at least, as deportment and personal conduct were concerned. But she was young enough, when her accession took place, not to have lost, under that strict training, her personality or her joy. When, on an early June morning in 1837—at six, on 20 June—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain knelt before the girl, called from her bed in haste, and still in her nightdress and with her hair loose, to kiss the small hand of the Queen of England, she was intensely aware of herself and of her duty. At her first Council, held later that same day, she took up her position with a surprising, an almost startling, dignity and self-possession. She read a short speech with perfect enunciation. She was the Queen, and she knew it. 'I am very young,' she wrote, 'and perhaps in many, though not in all, things inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have.' (She probably wrote the truth, but she was perhaps unwise to be so sure of it. One had better not be too confident of one's own goodwill.) 'I was not at all nervous and had the satisfaction of hearing that people were satisfied with what I had done and how I had done it.' 'It is to me the *greatest pleasure* to do my duty for my country and my people, and no fatigue, however great, will be burdensome to me if it is for the welfare of the nation.' It was not always to be a pleasure, but certainly she never grudged the fatigue. She took care

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had to come. He came ; Victoria met, saw, melted, and was captive.⁸ She had met him before, but then she had not been capable of love. It was perhaps Lord Melbourne who had helped to prepare her. Within a week after his arrival, the Queen, as was by etiquette necessary, proposed to the Prince. He obeyed : he accepted ; he promised. In 1840 they were married, and the Victorian age was already half in being.

The Prince Consort, as he was officially called, was a German—full of the noblest German ideas. His influence became supreme with the Queen, and his influence was in the direction of seriousness of mind and of conduct. He had a difficult position to hold ; he was often mistrusted as a foreigner. He did not altogether understand the English habits—of sport, scepticism, or casualness. He had no great sense of any such thing as the right of a people to self-government. But he had a very real sense of the right of a people to good government.

The overthrow of Lord Melbourne's government removed Lord Melbourne from the neighbourhood, and the growth of Albert's influence displaced Lord Melbourne's from the mind of the Queen. She took her rule with more seriousness than ever. Between them the Queen and the Prince went on with their determination to be 'good', and they even made it a kind of Court habit.

'The maypole had gone ; the village feast and the club-walk were going ; but the zoo, the panorama, the free-library, the fête, and the excursion ticket were bringing hundreds of thousands within the reach of orderly and

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attractive. He was her minister ; he became her mentor. He was permitted to ride with her in the mornings, and invited to dine with her in the evenings. After dinner, and formal conversation with the other guests, the Queen sat down, Lord Melbourne was allowed to sit down by her, and they talked.

What effect exactly the conversations had upon her it is difficult to guess, for her mind was already set. But her capacity for admiration was able to loose itself, and it is perhaps fortunate that it was Lord Melbourne who was its subject. For he, at least, did not, with that wise cynicism of his, over-encourage her already developed tendency to high moral seriousness ; lastly, that modified Regency wit prepared her mind for perhaps a greater than he, for Benjamin Disraeli. It was Victoria's fate to deal always either with men who took their moral duties sincerely and solemnly or with those who took them sincerely, but with gibes. The thing that settled her own course was the fact that she fell in love.

The object of her passion was, fortunately, one of the European princes approved by her ministers, by Lord Melbourne himself. It was her cousin Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha. He came to England in 1839, and it was understood that he was coming, tentatively, as a possible husband. The Queen did not think she wanted him to come. She had only been free—from control, from comparative seclusion and subordination—for two years ; she had Lord Melbourne for a charming, wise, and witty companion in that mingled freedom and supremacy ; she did not want anything more. But the good of the nation was in question ; the Prince

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of the special constables would have been formidable : a virtuous and domestic Sovereign, interested in docks and railways, hospitals and tenements, self-help, and mutual improvements was impregnable. * Such a Sovereign, and much more beside, Prince Albert would have been, and in this mild, beneficent light he displayed his Consort's crown to the world.'¹¹

So far as he could, as far as he knew, the Prince honestly desired the welfare of the people ; whenever he was—rarely—involved in a social dispute he did his best for the 'lower orders', and they recognized it. He reformed the royal household ; he worked at politics ; he ensued peace.¹² One of the last things he did was to make suggestions in a political dispute which had arisen between England and America and thus avert a very definite possibility of war. In December 1861 overwork and fever attacked him ; on the fourteenth he died, and the Queen was left, startlingly and shockingly, alone.

She had lost him, but she saw to it that no one else did. He was invoked by her mind for the rest of her life ; to his memory and his ideals she dedicated herself : ' *his* views ', she wrote, ' about *every* thing are to be my *law* ! ' An uncontrolled wildness of romantic passion and romantic despair filled her. She maintained a kind of mourning for all the rest of her life ; she remained for long in as much seclusion as was possible for a crowned head. She flung herself feverishly into work : ' uncheered—unguided and unadvised—and how alone the poor Queen feels ! ' she wrote. The detached instructions, the ironic

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good-humoured pleasure. It is a curious observation of the early fifties that the workmen were wearing the same clothes as the gentlemen.⁹

Nobility of life became fashionable. Duty became the correct thing. The outward sign of it—at least, the most spectacular—was the Crystal Palace that was built in Hyde Park.

It is easy to make fun of them and of it. It was an immense structure, of glass and iron, raised in 1851, to contain specimens of the work of all countries, their produce and industries. It was to be a grave and glorious encouragement to industry and peace. The idea was not at first popular; England was not accustomed to the part of the leader of a humanitarian world. But the Prince laboured for his hope, and presently succeeded. The Great Exhibition was a great success, both financially, and (as it were) morally. The English went into it as English and came out Victorians¹⁰; the Prince Consort had converted them. It was not a conversion of which Wesley would much have approved, but Voltaire would have thought it better than nothing. Stupidity too often remained, but even stupidity had at least generally to pretend that it had no intention of being cruel.

‘The figure that made its way into the hearts of the middle classes was not the gay, self-willed little Whig of 1837, but the young matron, tireless, submissive, dutiful. Her Court was dull, but the Royal nursery was irresistible. Prince Albert had seized the key positions—morality and industry—behind which the monarchy was safe. A revolt

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when he resumed the post in 1874, that their relations became close, and that one of the oddest intimacies in the history of the rulers of England, and for that matter of Europe, began.

It is easily, but falsely, described as one between a rather stupid woman flattered by a cunning and worldly politician. Such a view does justice to neither. Victoria was by no means stupid, and Disraeli was something more than cunning and worldly. He flattered the Queen, it is true, almost incredibly. He was seventy and she was fifty-five; he spoke of her as the Faery and to her as his adored mistress. 'Everyone likes flattery,' he told Matthew Arnold, 'and when you come to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel.' He corrected his intimate flatteries with secret gibes. He was said to have remarked to a friend: 'She has sent me primroses, because they are my favourite flower.' 'And are they your favourite flower?' 'Of course they are; hadn't she said so?'

He wrote to her of 'her infinite kindness'. 'The brightness of her intelligence and the firmness of her will.' He told her that 'in life one must have for one's thoughts a sacred depository, and Lord Beaconsfield ever presumes to seek that in his Sovereign Mistress'.

Yet in one sense, in that last sentence, he spoke the exact secret truth. For the flattery of Disraeli, like the flattery of the Elizabethans, had a core of sincerity. He mocked at his own flattery, but he flattered, not as a nineteenth century Englishman but as the Vizier of an Oriental sovereign. He was a Jew, and his heart was in the dream of Judah. He could not move where his spirit desired, in the divan of the great

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intelligence, of Lord Melbourne, were utterly forgotten. They had been lost in the noble presence of Albert, and they could not return.

It was perhaps during that seclusion—it was certainly about this time—that that other change in the moral tone became perceptible; the change from ‘I will be good’ to ‘You shall be good’. In the nation at large it was not so soon felt, not until somewhere about the 1880’s did the tyranny of Victorianism begin to arise. For where the living Albert might have changed his mind upon some subject the image of the dead Albert in the Queen’s mind could never change his. Her most rigid obstinacies became duties to her, once they had been attributed to that patient ghost. ‘The Prince is the only person . . . who realized the Ideal.’

That phrase was not the Queen’s. It came from the pen of one who was as much unlike him as mortal man could be, from Benjamin Disraeli. This strange eastern figure was the next man to exercise a profound influence upon her mind, and to stand for another element in that curious amalgam which we call the Victorian age. As the Great Exhibition was the grand spectacle of Prince Albert’s public ideals, so the Empire of India was the grand spectacle of Mr. Disraeli’s; not India, which was there already, but the title and vision of its Empress.

Disraeli had been Chancellor of the Exchequer three times before in 1868 he first became Prime Minister. He had been often, and satisfactorily, in official communication with the Queen. But it was not until he became the chief of the Government, and even more

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Unlike Alexander of Macedon as she was, there is discernible in her letters at the time something of that same superiority to the feelings of one class or one nation which Alexander expressed in himself. She engaged Indian servants ; she set to work to learn Hindustani. The peoples of India, even the mutineers themselves, were *her* subjects as much as English soldiers or English residents. She was (at a later period) severe on all ' snobbish and vulgar, overbearing and offensive behaviour ' among certain of the English in India. When the Mutiny ended and the government of India was transferred to the Crown, she wrote to her then Prime Minister about the proclamation that it ' gave pledges which her future reign is to redeem '. She was never, in the modern sense, an Imperialist ; like Augustus Caesar, she was not anxious to enlarge the dominions of the Crown ; she was far more concerned with their safety. She was, first of all, Queen of England ; but undoubtedly she was something else also. When Disraeli dropped the suggestion of a new title, she, almost literally, jumped at it. To such a strange end had the old Alexandrian dream come in England. Yet, though the arrangement of the pattern was so different, there was a similarity in it. She wished to show herself as a different thing from a mere western ruler with eastern appanages. She was royal ; she was imperial ; she was a sovereign in the West and in the East. It was the Queen-Empress who created her Vizier Earl of Beaconsfield.

The constitution of England, however, does not permit its ruler—at least, since George III—to keep the Vizier at pleasure. It limits that pleasure by the

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Suleiman, son of David, king in Jerusalem ; he could not speak in the magniloquent rhetoric of eastern tradition. But he attributed to the Queen, the only Queen he had to serve, that ancient glory, and something deeper than his mocking mind thrilled in the wild solemnity of his verbal devotion. ' He threw ', said Lytton Strachey, ' with a grandiose gesture, the government of England at her feet, as if in doing so, he was performing an act of personal homage.' He was. She could not answer him in his own terms, but she answered him in her own. She absorbed his phrases, but the simple sincerity of her belief in herself turned them as it were into commonplace. But there was only one man who could create for her and in her exactly that commonplace ; it was Disraeli.

They had another link ; they both felt themselves exiles. Since the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen never quite felt, or never quite allowed herself to feel, at home on this earth. Disraeli was never at home in the world of which he became a leader ; his race—that race which he held superior to all others, certainly to the English (' Can the English absorb the Jews ? An inferior nation can never absorb a superior ')—was homeless and vagrant. Victoria sat on the Throne of England, and her Vizier worked by her side ; and about them both was a cloud of half real and half fantastic sorrow—' here we have no continuing city '.¹³

With a similar half sincere and half mocking decision he made her in 1876 Empress of India. The great Mutiny had taken place in 1857, and the Queen had followed its course with the most painful sensations.

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said he talked to her 'as if I were a public meeting'.¹⁴ It was the inevitable result of the prophet addressing the world—a solemnly respected, a solemnly venerated world, but still the world, a world which might go seriously wrong unless he guided it. He was an Englishman when Disraeli was a Jew; he was the leader of what supposed itself the party of Reform and Benevolence. But though he was more Victorian, he was in a sense less English than Disraeli himself, for he lacked that wilder element which has so strangely possessed the English—the element of irony, of laughter, of disbelief, of a forlorn and irrational faith in an indefinable hope, the element that believes and disbelieves at the same time, that leads them to mock at what they love and despise what they desire, yet to love and desire it no less for that simultaneous denial. It was perhaps this which, though they did not know it, made Disraeli a bearable leader to the country gentlemen of England, and left Gladstone to lead the spiritual successors of Wesley, the earnest and unhumorous world. Even the Queen, who was earnest enough, grew uneasy with that other earnestness, especially when she disagreed with its immediate proposals. But then the Queen's earnestness was that of an individual and a woman. Fundamentally Mr. Gladstone expected her to obey his gospel; Disraeli never expected her to obey his, but he took some trouble to see that she did.

In the second part of the nineteenth century, the Queen-Empress had to deal with two great changes: (i) the new elements in national life, (ii) the new arrangement of foreign affairs. As regards the first,

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vote of the House of Commons. The House of Commons, in turn, is elected by the votes of the nation. This is not democracy, and England has never been a democracy ; no country can be a democracy unless the people possess the initiative—or (a matter of no less importance) a sufficient control over the normal administration, that is, over the Civil Service and the Ministerial Departments. But elections, especially since the various bills for extending the franchise, provide a rough check on Government. The Government of England is oligarchical, modified by occasional spasms of public feeling.

The alternative Prime Minister to Disraeli, when the House of Commons had had enough of Disraeli at any time, was William Ewart Gladstone. He was the leader of the Liberal party as Disraeli was of the Conservatives. He was serious, solemn, and sincere ; perhaps a little too sincere, for he was not apt to discover his own insincerities. He suffered from a tendency to attribute a moral delinquency to his political opponents, and he, much more than Disraeli, or even than the Queen, was responsible for expressing in public life the belief that those who disagree with you are deliberately following a worse and more wicked path. The Queen said ' You ought ' with the passion of a woman and the impatience of a ruler ; Disraeli, on the rare occasions when he said ' You ought ' said it with an ironical wit which included his own comment in its mockery. But Gladstone gave to it precisely that sound of noble certitude for which the age was prepared. He was regarded as a kind of prophet, and, in all meekness, he so regarded himself. The Queen

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other measures concerned to safeguard food and houses.

More especially there arose, slowly and continuously, a concern with children—a desire, generation after generation, to ‘save the children’, to make them healthy, to open their intelligence, to give them opportunities. It has been very badly done, but it is something that it has been done at all; just as there has arisen an attention to public health and to the sick, to proper housing, to reasonable leisure. All these have been most inadequately fulfilled, but something has been done, and in the doing an important emotional element was Victoria’s own sense of responsibility for and duty to her people. She was out of sympathy with the vague desire of her people to say what they themselves wanted; she thought that they might want very undesirable things, which they sometimes did (they wanted sometimes to be drunk, and she disapproved). But she felt that they were living beings. She complained of them, she was shocked at them, as living beings. She, in her degree, believed that every single one of them had a life to live, even if she were also aware of a duty to do, and she assisted, more than she imagined, the return of the dogma of the equality of man.

There had gone on also, all through the reign, that great development of transport and trade. The penny post was established in 1839, and lasted till the Great War. Railways and roads increased. The Atlantic cable was laid in 1866. The commerce of England spread over the whole world. The great Dominions of the British Crown took on, more and more, the

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the alteration which was being attempted was definite and profound. It was a movement, in social matters, away from government doing what they thought might be good for the people to doing what the people thought was good for them. The great humanitarian reforms of the early part of the century were inspired by the conscience of saints and philanthropists. But by the end the people were demanding their own reforms. It was not a change which appealed to the Queen's tastes, nor, for that matter, to the taste of most of the Ministers. Yet the reforms which the people wanted were, at bottom, simple enough; they wanted more money and more tolerable conditions of life. The social conditions of the early part of the century were described in Disraeli's *Sybil*—in that novel where its author discerned the hope of an alliance between the Throne and the People. The great achievement of the reign was the improvement of those conditions; they were bad enough at the end, but they were better than they had been.

The first Factory Act had been passed in 1833; it was followed by others, notably that of 1847. The Public Health Act came in 1848; the Smoke Nuisance Act in 1853. Police were compulsorily established all over the country in 1856. In 1868 the telegraph system was nationalized; in the same year public executions were abolished. The Civil Service was opened to competitive examination. In 1875 Trade Unions were recognized to have the right of collective contract; the same sessions of Parliament (under Disraeli) saw the famous 'Plimsoll Line'¹⁵ established for shipping, the Factory Acts consolidated, and

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story told by Dame Ethel Smyth¹⁷ which is a kind of symbolism of this, how once the Queen-Empress was at the opera with Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French, who was only royal by marriage, not by birth. After bowing to the applauding audience, their Majesties permitted Themselves to be seated. But as They sank down the ex-Empress shot one swift glance behind to be sure the chair was there. Victoria did not ; she did not even think of it. She was the Queen ; she sat down ; the chair was there.

In such a regal certitude she came to the two great celebrations of her reign, the Jubilee of 1887, the Diamond Jubilee of 1897. The first was comparatively modest, a domestic affair, a warm and late Victorian recognition of the Queen of the Victorians. But by the second she had, as it were, defeated time ; she had become something which was more lasting to her people than anything they had known except the English land itself. 'The one thing common to all subjects of the Queen was that they had all been subjects of the Queen. Her reign stretched out of memory, giving to the youngest of the democracies its share in a majestic and immemorial tradition.'¹⁸ The length of that reign had seen a nation become an Empire, but it had seen even more surprising things than that. It had seen a nation, incredibly divided into almost separate classes, become a nation which recognized, with whatever dullness and slowness, itself as a whole nation, of which all its classes were parts. It had seen the Empire become no longer an Empire but an alliance of peoples. Canada had become a Dominion in 1867, and had continued on its path of sovereignty. Australia was on the point of

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appearance of nations. London had continued to be, what it had been at the end of the eighteenth century, the financial centre of the world, and its complexity of finance was infinitely increased. The small figure which was the symbolical head of all this took, in man's awareness of it, a kind of new glory : she began to be not merely the Queen of England and the Empress of India, but a Queen-Empress of the Five Nations and the Seven Seas.¹⁶

In Europe also the world had changed. The young princess Victoria had been no more than the daughter of a younger brother of the King of England : her very accession was, as it were, an accident. But now she was one of the oldest of the rulers of Europe, and her children, and soon her grandchildren, sat upon thrones of their own. The most remarkable of those new rulers was the son of her daughter—the Emperor William II of Germany. The rise of Prussia to be one of the Great Powers of Europe was consummated in 1870 when the Franco-German War ended in the defeat of France, Paris fell, and the King of Prussia was declared Emperor of Germany in Versailles. Feeling in England, which had been pro-Prussia at the beginning, had become much more pro-France by the end. Public opinion had also applauded the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy, when in 1871 the Italian troops entered Rome. Among all these new forms, and the shapes of new rulers—though she might disapprove of them—the prestige of the Queen-Empress remained very high. It was partly political, but it was partly personal. She was also immensely sure of herself, and they were not always sure of themselves. There is the

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conqueror heard of her passing as, so many centuries before, they had heard of the news of the death of Alexander in Babylon ; and, as if in a strange link between those two separated worlds, Indian servants followed in the solemn procession of her burying.

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becoming a Commonwealth ; it did so in 1900. South Africa had a darker time before it in the War of 1899-1902, but it, too, became a Union in 1910. All these, in their representatives, went with her through the streets of London, but most of those other minds which had helped to cause the changes had already passed from the earth. Since Melbourne had died in 1848 and the Prince Consort in 1851, many had risen round the throne. But Disraeli had died in 1881 and Tennyson in 1882, and Gladstone was to follow in the next year, 1898 ; and others innumerable. Her children and grandchildren were round her, yet she was alone. She was already a myth.¹⁹

By the very extension of her life and her government beyond theirs, she seemed to absorb their reputations into herself. Her people roared and cheered about her way ; thunders of guns and shouts greeted her ; she exclaimed continually : ' How kind they are ! ' It was a climax, and the few years that remained did not free the nation from it. She saw war break out in South Africa ; she ' with an astonishing pertinacity, insisted upon communicating personally with an ever-growing multitude of men and women who had suffered through the war '.²⁰ So working till the end, and so fulfilling—what it is not given to many men or women to fulfil—her child's oath : ' I will be good,' her womanhood's determination : ' no fatigue will be burdensome if it is for the welfare of the nation ' ; fulfilling them with faults, with obstinacies, with prejudices, but still driving herself to fulfil them, the Queen-Empress came to the end. She died on 22 January 1901, and towns which stood on the sites of the cities of the Greek

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(1707-1754)

HENRY FIELDING, born April 22, 1707, was of noble descent, the third son of General Edmund Fielding, himself the third son of the Honourable John Fielding, who was the fifth son of William, Earl of Denbigh, who died in 1655.

The mother of Henry Fielding was a daughter of Judge Gould, the first wife of his father the general. Henry was the only son of this marriage ; but he had four sisters of the full blood, of whom Sarah, the third, was distinguished as an authoress by the *History of David Simple*,² and other literary attempts. General Fielding married a second time, after the death of his first lady, and had a numerous family, one of whom is well remembered as a judge of police, by the title of Sir John Fielding. It is most probable that the expense attending so large a family, together with a natural thoughtlessness of disposition on the part of his father, occasioned Henry's being early thrown into those precarious circumstances with which, excepting at brief intervals, he continued to struggle through life.

After receiving the rudiments of education from the Rev. Mr. Oliver, who is supposed to have furnished him with the outline of Parson Trulliber's³ character, Fielding was removed to Eton, where he was imbued deeply with that love of classic literature which may be traced through all his works. As his father

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the years 1727 and 1736. None of these are now known or read, excepting the mock-tragedy of *Tom Thumb*, the translated play of *The Miser*, and the farces of *The Mock Doctor* and *Intriguing Chambermaid*, and yet they are the production of an author unrivalled for his conception and illustration of character in the kindred walk of imaginary narrative.

Thus, until the year 1737, or thereabouts, Fielding lived the life of a man of wit and pleasure about town, seeking and finding amusement in scenes of gaiety and dissipation, and discharging the expense incidental to such a life, by the precarious resources afforded by the stage. He even became, for a season, the manager of a company, having assembled together, in 1735, a number of discarded comedians, who he proposed should execute his own dramas at the little theatre in the Haymarket, under the title of the Great Mogul's⁶ Company of Comedians. The project did not succeed ; and the company, which, as he expressed it, had seemed to drop from the clouds, were under the necessity of disbanding.

About 1736, Fielding seems to have formed the resolution of settling in life. He espoused a young lady of Salisbury named Cradock ; beautiful, amiable, and possessed of £1,500. About the same time, by the death, it has been supposed, of his mother, he succeeded to a small estate of about £200 per annum, situated at Stower, in Derbyshire, affording him, in those days, the means of decent competence. To this place he retired from London, but unfortunately carried with him the same improvident disposition to enjoy the present, at the expense of the future, which

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destined him to the bar, he was sent from Eton to study at Leyden, where he is said to have given earnest attention to the civil law. Had he remained in this regular course of study, the courts would probably have gained a lawyer, and the world would have lost a man of genius ; but the circumstances of General Fielding determined the chance in favour of posterity, though, perhaps, against his son. Remittances failed, and the young student was compelled to return, at the age of twenty, to plunge into the dissipation of London, without a monitor to warn him, or a friend to support him. General Fielding, indeed, promised his son an allowance of two hundred pounds a year ; but this, as Fielding himself used to say, ‘ any one might pay who would.’ It is only necessary to add, that Fielding was tall, handsome, and well-proportioned, had an expressive countenance, and possessed, with an uncommonly strong constitution, a keen relish of pleasure, with the power of enjoying the present moment, and trusting to chance for the future ;—and the reader has before him sufficient grounds to estimate the extent of his improvidence and distress.

Some resources were necessary for a man of pleasure, and Fielding found them in his pen, having, as he used to say himself, no alternative but to be a hackney writer⁴ or a hackney coachman. He at first employed himself in writing for the theatre, then in high reputation, having recently engaged the talents of Wycherley, of Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar.⁵ Fielding’s comedies and farces were brought on the stage in hasty succession ; and play after play, to the number of eighteen, sunk or swam on the theatrical sea betwixt

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continuation of his own piece, *The Virgin Unmasked* : but as one of the characters was supposed to be written in ridicule of a man of quality, the Chamberlain refused his licence. Pamphlets of political controversy, fugitive tracts, and essays, were the next means he had recourse to for subsistence; and as his ready pen produced them upon every emergency, he contrived by the profits to support himself and his family, to which he was fondly attached.

Amid this anxious career of precarious expedient and constant labour, he had the misfortune to lose his wife; and his grief at this domestic calamity was so extreme, that his friends became alarmed for the consequences to his reason. The violence of the emotion, however, was transient, though his regret was lasting; and the necessity of subsistence compelled him again to resume his literary labours. At length, in the year 1741 or 1742, circumstances induced him to engage in a mode of composition, which he retrieved from the disgrace in which he found it, and rendered a classical department of British literature.

The novel of *Pamela*,⁷ published in 1740, had carried the fame of Richardson to the highest pitch; and Fielding,—whether he was tired of hearing it overpraised (for a book, several passages of which would now be thought highly indelicate, was in those days even recommended from the pulpit), or whether, as a writer for daily subsistence, he caught at whatever interested the public for the time, or whether, in fine, he was seduced by that wicked spirit of wit, which cannot forbear turning into ridicule the idol of the day, resolved to caricature the style, principles, and personages of this favourite performance. As Gay's desire

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seems to have marked his whole life. He established an equipage, with showy liveries ; and his biographers lay some stress on the circumstances, that the colour being a bright yellow, required to be frequently renewed ; an important particular which, in humble imitation of our accurate predecessors, we deem it unpardonable to suppress. Horses, hounds, and the exercise of an unbounded hospitality, soon aided the yellow livery-men in devouring the substance of their improvident master ; and three years found Fielding, without land, home, or revenue, a student in the Temple, where he applied himself closely to the law, and after the usual term was called to the bar. It is probable he brought nothing from Derbyshire, save that experience of a rural life and its pleasures, which afterwards enabled him to delineate the inimitable Squire Western.

Fielding had now a profession, and as he had strongly applied his powerful mind to the principles of the law, it might have been expected that success would have followed in proportion. But those professional persons, who can advance or retard the practice of a young lawyer, mistrusted probably the application of a wit and a man of pleasure to the business they might otherwise have confided to him ; and it is said that Fielding's own conduct was such as to justify their want of confidence. Disease, the consequence of a free life, came to the aid of dissipation of mind, and interrupted the course of Fielding's practice by severe fits of the gout, which gradually impaired his robust constitution. We find him, therefore, having again recourse to the stage, when he attempted to produce a

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Roman Comique of the once celebrated Scarron.¹⁰ From this author he has copied the mock-heroic style, which tells ludicrous events in the language of the classical Epic; a vein of pleasantry which is soon wrought out, and which Fielding has employed so often as to expose him to the charge of pedantry.

Joseph Andrews was eminently successful; and the aggrieved Richardson, who was fond of praise even to adulation, was proportionally offended, while his group of admirers, male and female, took care to echo back his sentiments, and to heap Fielding with reproach. Their animosity survived his life, and we find the most ungenerous reproaches thrown upon his memory, in the course of Richardson's correspondence. Richardson was well acquainted with Fielding's sisters, and complained to them, not of Fielding's usage of himself—that he was too wise or too proud to mention—but of his unfortunate predilection to what was mean and low in character and description. The following expressions are remarkable, as well for the extreme modesty of the writer who thus rears himself into the paramount judge of Fielding's qualities, as for the delicacy which could intrude such observations on the ear of his rival's sister: 'Poor Fielding! I could not help telling his sister, that I was equally surprised at, and concerned for, his continued lowness. Had your brother, said I, been born in a stable, or been a runner at a spunging-house,¹¹ one should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company!' After this we are not surprised at its

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to satirize Philips⁸ gave rise to *The Shepherd's Week*, so Fielding's purpose to ridicule *Pamela* produced *The History of Joseph Andrews*; and in both cases, but especially in the latter, a work was executed infinitely better than could have been expected to arise out of such a motive, and the reader received a degree of pleasure very different, as well as far superior, to what the author himself appears to have proposed. There is indeed, a fine vein of irony in Fielding's novel, as will appear from comparing it with the pages of *Pamela*; but *Pamela*, to which that irony was applied, is now in a manner forgotten, and *Joseph Andrews* continues to be read, for the admirable pictures of manners which it presents, and, above all, for the inimitable character of Mr. Abraham Adams, which alone is sufficient to stamp the superiority of Fielding over all writers of his class. The worthy parson's learning, his simplicity, his evangelical purity of heart, and benevolence of disposition, are so admirably mingled with pedantry, absence of mind, and with the habit of athletic and gymnastic exercise, then acquired at the universities by students of all descriptions, that he may be safely termed one of the richest productions of the Muse of Fiction. Like Don Quixote,⁹ Parson Adams is beaten a little too much, and too often; but the cudgel lights upon his shoulders, as on those of the honoured Knight of La Mancha, without the slightest stain to his reputation, and he is bastinadoed without being degraded. The style of this piece is said, in the preface, to have been an imitation of Cervantes; but both in *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, the author appears also to have had in view the

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other, subjects the author to a suspicion that he only used the title of Jonathan Wild in order to connect his book with the popular renown of that infamous depredator. But there are few passages in Fielding's more celebrated works more marked by his peculiar genius than the scene betwixt his hero and the Ordinary when in Newgate.¹⁶

! Besides these more permanent proofs of his industrious application to literature, the pen of Fielding was busily employed in the political and literary controversies of the times. He conducted one paper called *The Jacobite Journal*, the object of which was to eradicate those feelings and sentiments which had been already so effectually crushed upon the Field of Culloden.¹⁷ *The True Patriot* and *The Champion* were works of the same kind, which he entirely composed or in which, at least, he had a principal share. In these various papers he steadily advocated what was then called the Whig cause, being attached to the principles of the Revolution, and the royal family of Brunswick, or, in other words, a person well affected to church and state. His zeal was long unnoticed, while far inferior writers were enriched out of the secret-service money with unexampled prodigality. At length in 1749, he received a small pension together with the then disreputable office of a Justice of Peace for Westminster and Middlesex, of which he was at liberty to make the best he could by the worst means he might choose. This office, such as it was, he owed to the interference of Mr., afterwards Lord Lyttelton.¹⁸

At this period, the Magistrates of Westminster, thence termed Trading Justices, were repaid by fees

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being alleged that Fielding was destitute of invention and talents ; that the run of his best works was nearly over ; and that he would soon be forgotten as an author ! Fielding does not appear to have retorted¹² any of this ill-will ; so that, if he gave the first offence, and that an unprovoked one, he was also the first to retreat from the contest, and to allow to Richardson those claims which his genius really demanded from the liberality of his contemporaries. In the fifth number of *The Jacobite Journal* Fielding highly commends *Clarissa* which is by far the best and most powerful of Richardson's novels, and, with those scenes in *Sir Charles Grandison*¹³ which refer to the history of Clementina,¹⁴ contains the passages of deep pathos on which his claim to immortality must finally rest. Perhaps this is one of the cases in which one would rather have sympathized with the thoughtless offender, than with the less liberal and almost ungenerous mind which so long retained its resentment.

Besides various fugitive pieces, Fielding published in or about 1743 a volume of Miscellanies, including *The Journey from this World to the Next*, a tract containing a good deal of Fielding's peculiar humour, but of which it is difficult to conceive the plan or purport. *The History of Jonathan Wild the Great* next followed. It is not easy to see what Fielding proposed¹⁵ to himself by a picture of complete vice, unrelieved by anything of human feeling and never by any accident even deviating into virtue ; and the ascribing a train of fictitious adventures to a real character has in it something clumsy and inartificial on the one hand, and, on the

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adopted by succeeding statesmen, and some which are still worthy of more attention than they have yet received. As a magistrate, indeed, he was desirous of retrieving the dignity and independence of his own office; and his zeal on that subject has led him a little farther than he will be followed by the friends of rational freedom. But we cannot omit mentioning that he was the first to touch on the frequency of pardons, rendered necessary by the multiplication of capital punishments, and that he placed his finger on that swelling imposthume of the state, the poor's-rates,¹⁹ which has wrought so much evil, and is likely to work so much more. He published also a *Charge to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, some Tracts concerning Law Trials* of importance, and left behind him a manuscript on Crown Law. On the subject of the poor, he afterwards published a scheme for restricting them to their parishes and providing for them in workhouses, which, like many others which have since appeared, only showed that he was fully sensible of the evil, without being able to suggest an effectual or practical remedy. A subsequent writer on the same thorny subject, Sir Frederick Morton Eden, observes that Fielding's treatise exhibits both the knowledge of the magistrate and the energy and expression of the novel writer. It was, however, before publishing his scheme for the provision of the poor that he made himself immortal by the production of *Tom Jones*.

The *History of a Foundling* was composed under all the disadvantages incident to an author alternately pressed by the disagreeable task of his magisterial duties and by the necessity of hurrying out some

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for their services to the public ; a mean and wretched system, which made it the interest of these functionaries to inflame every petty dispute which was brought before them, to trade, as it were, in guilt and in misery, and to wring their precarious subsistence out of thieves and pickpockets.

It is consoling to observe that Fielding's principles remained unshaken, though the circumstances attending his official situation tended to increase the careless disrespectability of his private habits. His own account of his conduct respecting the dues of the office on which he depended for his subsistence, has never been denied or doubted. 'I will confess,' says he, 'that my private affairs, at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect ; for had I not plundered the public, or the poor, of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking ; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which, I blush when I say, hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than £300, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk.'

Besides the disinterestedness of which he set an example unusual in those days, Fielding endeavoured, by various suggestions, to abridge the catalogue of crimes and depravity which his office placed so closely under his eye. His *Inquiry into the Increase of Thieves and Robbers* contains several hints which have been

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handsomely added £100 to £600, for which last sum he had purchased the work.

The general merits of this popular and delightful work have been so often dwelt upon, and its imperfections so frequently censured, that we can do little more than hastily run over ground which has been repeatedly occupied. The felicitous contrivance and happy extrication of the story, where every incident tells upon and advances the catastrophe, while, at the same time, it illustrates the characters of those interested in its approach, cannot too often be mentioned with the highest approbation. The attention of the reader is never diverted or puzzled by unnecessary digressions, or recalled to the main story by abrupt and startling recurrences; he glides down the narrative like a boat on the surface of some broad navigable stream, which only winds enough to gratify the voyager with the varied beauty of its banks.

But even the high praise due to the construction and arrangement of the story is inferior to that claimed by the truth, force, and spirit of the characters, from Tom Jones himself, down to Black George the gamekeeper and his family. Amongst these Squire Western stands alone; imitated from no prototype, and in himself an inimitable picture of ignorance, prejudice, irascibility, and rusticity, united with natural shrewdness, constitutional good-humour, and an instinctive affection for his daughter,—all which qualities, good and bad, are grounded upon that basis of thorough selfishness natural to one bred up, from infancy, where no one dared to contradict his arguments, or to control his conduct.

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ephemeral essay or pamphlet to meet the demands of the passing day. It is inscribed to the Hon. Mr. Lyttelton, afterwards Lord Lyttelton, with a dedication in which he intimates that without his assistance and that of the Duke of Bedford the work had never been completed, as the author had been indebted to them for the means of subsistence while engaged in composing it. Ralph Allen,²⁰ the friend of Pope, is also alluded to as one of his benefactors, but unnamed by his own desire ; thus confirming the truth of Pope's beautiful couplet—

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.²¹

It is said that this munificent and modest patron made Fielding a present of £200 at one time, and that even before he was personally acquainted with him.

Under such precarious circumstances the first English novel was given to the public, which had not yet seen any works of fiction founded upon the plan of painting from nature. Even Richardson's novels are but a step from the old romance, approaching, indeed, more nearly to the ordinary course of events, but still dealing in improbable incidents, and in characters swelled out beyond the ordinary limits of humanity. The *History of a Foundling* is truth and human nature itself, and there lies the inestimable advantage which it possesses over all previous fictions of this particular kind. It was received with unanimous acclamation by the public, and proved so productive to Millar, the publisher, that he

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to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is, that the habit is apt to generate an indisposition to real history and useful literature ; and that the best which can be hoped is that they may sometimes instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and sometimes awaken their better feelings and sympathies by strains of generous sentiment and tales of fictitious woe. Beyond this point they are a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life and the gratification of that half love of literature which pervades all ranks in an advanced stage of society, and are read much more for amusement than with the least hope of deriving instruction from them. The vices and follies of Tom Jones are those which the world soon teaches to all who enter on the career of life, and to which society is unhappily but too indulgent ; nor do we believe that, in any one instance, the perusal of Fielding's novel has added one libertine to the large list who would not have been such had it never crossed the press. And it is with concern we add our sincere belief that the fine picture of frankness and generosity exhibited in that fictitious character has had as few imitators as the career of his follies. Let it not be supposed that we are indifferent to morality because we treat with scorn that affectation which, while in common life it connives at the open practice of libertinism, pretends to detest the memory of an author who painted life as it was, with all its shades, and more than all the lights which it occasionally exhibits, to relieve them. For particular passages of the work the author can only be defended under the custom of his age, which permitted, in certain cases, much stronger

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A more sweeping and general objection was made against the *History of a Foundling* by the admirers of Richardson, and has been often repeated since. It is alleged that the ultimate moral of *Tom Jones*, which conducts to happiness, and holds up to our sympathy and esteem, a youth who gives way to licentious habits, is detrimental to society, and tends to encourage the youthful reader in the practice of those follies to which his natural passions and the usual course of the world but too much direct him. To this charge Fielding himself might probably have replied that the vices into which Jones suffers himself to fall are made the direct cause of placing him in the distressful situation which he occupies during the greater part of the narrative; while his generosity, his charity, and his amiable qualities become the means of saving him from the consequences of his folly. But we suspect, with Dr. Johnson, that there is something of cant both in the objection and in the answer to it. 'Men,' says that moralist, 'will not become highwaymen because Macheath²² is acquitted on the stage'; and, we add, they will not become swindlers and thieves because they sympathize with the fortunes of the witty picaroon²³ Gil Blas, or licentious debauchees because they read *Tom Jones*. The professed moral of a piece is usually what the reader is least interested in; it is like the mendicant who cripples after some gay and splendid procession and in vain solicits the attention of those who have been gazing upon it. Excluding from consideration those infamous works which address themselves directly to awakening the grosser passions of our nature, we are inclined to think the worst evil

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delicacy and pure tenderness. Fielding's novels show few instances of pathos ; it was, perhaps, inconsistent with the life which he was compelled to live ; for those who see most of human misery become necessarily, in some degree, hardened to its effects. But few scenes of fictitious distress are more affecting than that in which Amelia is described as having made her little preparations for the evening, and sitting in anxious expectation of the return of her unworthy husband, whose folly is, in the meantime, preparing for her new scenes of misery. But our sympathy for the wife is disturbed by our dislike of her unthankful helpmate of whose conversion we have no hope, and with whose errors we have no sympathy. The tale is, therefore, on the whole, unpleasing, even though relieved by the humours of the doughty Colonel Bath and the learned Dr. Harrison, characters drawn with such force and precision as Fielding alone knew how to employ.

Meanwhile Fielding's life was fast decaying ; a complication of diseases had terminated in a dropsical habit, which totally undermined his strong constitution. The Duke of Newcastle, then Prime Minister, was desirous of receiving assistance from him in the formation of a plan for the remedy and prevention of secret robberies and improving the police of the metropolis. For the small consideration of £600 paid by Government, Fielding engaged to extirpate several gangs of daring ruffians which at this time infested London and its vicinity ; and though his health was reduced to the last extremity, he continued himself to superintend the conduct of his agents, to take evidence,

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language than ours. He has himself said that there is nothing which can offend the chastest eye in the perusal ; and he spoke probably according to the ideas of his time. But, in modern estimation there are several passages at which delicacy may justly take offence ; and we can only say that they may be termed rather jocularly coarse than seductive, and that they are atoned for by the admirable mixture of wit and argument by which, in others, the cause of true religion and virtue is supported and advanced.

Fielding considered his works as an experiment in British literature ; and therefore he chose to prefix a preliminary chapter to each book, explanatory of his own views and of the rules attached to this mode of composition. Those critical introductions, which rather interrupt the course of the story and the flow of the interest at the first perusal, are found, on a second or third, the most entertaining chapters of the whole work.

| The publication of *Tom Jones* carried Fielding's fame to its height, but seems to have been attended with no consequences to his fortune beyond the temporary relief which the copy-money afforded him. |

| *Amelia* was the author's last work of importance. It may be termed a continuation of *Tom Jones* ; but we have not the same sympathy for the ungrateful and dissolute conduct of Booth which we yield to the youthful follies of Jones. The character of *Amelia* is said to have been drawn for Fielding's second wife. | If he put her patience, as has been alleged, to tests of the same kind, he has, in some degree, repaid her by the picture he has drawn of her feminine

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some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me. Some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises, to which I well knew I had no title.'

This affecting passage makes a part of his *Journey to Lisbon*, a work which he commenced during the voyage with a hand trembling in almost its latest hour. It remains a singular example of Fielding's natural strength of mind that, while struggling hard at once with the depression and with the irritability of disease, he could still exhibit a few flashes of that bright wit which could once set the 'world' in a roar. His perception of character, and power of describing it, had not forsaken him in those sad moments; for the master of the ship in which he sailed, the scolding landlady of the Isle of Wight, the military coxcomb who visits their vessel, are all portraits, marked with the master-hand which traced Parson Adams and Squire Western.

The *Journey to Lisbon* was abridged by fate. Fielding reached that city, indeed, alive, and remained there two months; but he was unable to continue his proposed literary labours. The hand of death was upon him, and seized upon its prey in the beginning of October 1754. He died in the forty-eighth year of his life, leaving behind him a widow and four children, one of whom died soon afterwards. His brother, Sir John Fielding, well known as a magistrate, aided by the bounty of Mr. Allen, made suitable

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and make commitments, until this great object was attained.

These last exertions seem to have been fatal to his exhausted frame, which suffered at once under dropsy, and jaundice, and asthma. The Bath waters were tried in vain, and various modes of cure or alleviation were resorted to, of which tapping only appears to have succeeded to a certain extent. The medical attendants gave their last sad advice in recommending a milder climate. Of his departure for Lisbon, in conformity with their opinion, he has himself left the following melancholy record, painting the man and his situation a thousand times better than any other pen could achieve.

‘ On this day, Wednesday, June 26, 1754,’ he says, ‘ the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doated with a motherlike fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever ; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours ; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper. At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with

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provision for the survivors ; but of their fate we are ignorant.

Thus lived, and thus died, at a period of life when the world might have expected continued delight from his matured powers, the celebrated Henry Fielding, Father of the English Novel ; and in his powers of strong and national humour, and forcible yet natural exhibition of character, unapproached as yet even by his most successful followers.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

IV. LORD CURZON¹

(1859-1925)

AMONG the Fellows elected to the British Academy in 1908 was George Nathaniel Curzon, Baron Curzon of Kedleston in the peerage of Ireland and heir to the English barony of Scarsdale. He was then forty-nine years of age, having been born on 11th January, 1859. After Eton and Oxford (where he had been President of the Union and had won the Lothian and Arnold Essay prizes and a Fellowship at All Souls) he entered the House of Commons in 1886 and held office as Under-Secretary for India (1891-2) and for Foreign Affairs (1895-8) before proceeding to India as Viceroy in 1899.

Curzon's election to the Academy was a fitting recognition of conspicuous services rendered during his Viceroyalty to various sciences, especially to history, archaeology, and art. But these services were neither the only ones nor the earliest that stood to his credit. As a young man he had devoted himself to geographical studies and enterprises to such purpose that he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1895; and before he became Viceroy he had won recognition as a competent authority on the history, archaeology, and art not only of India, on whose monuments he was contemplating a treatise² when the Viceroyalty was offered to him, but also of Persia and other provinces of the Near and the Middle

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the essentials for scientific success. Probably he was never more content than when engaged in *Quellenforschung*,³ of which he enjoyed the process quite as much as the result. 'I once compiled a bibliography', he minuted on an Indian Government file (referring, no doubt, to the Appendix to his book on Persia). 'It is a work requiring much patience and concentration. But it is one of perfect ease.' Nothing was more congenial to his natural aptitudes than meticulously accurate recording; nothing less so than any sort of abstract speculation. A distaste for philosophy, owing to which he missed first-class honours in the School of Literae Humaniores⁴ at Oxford, remained characteristic throughout life.

According to his own statement, he formed about 1884 a project to study Asiatic problems in Asia itself, and, in particular, those involved in the geographical environment of India. His dream of the Viceroyalty had, doubtless, something to do with this choice of a continent; but the Asian Mystery had more. 'Asia', he wrote from a ship in the Red Sea to the present Lord Midleton, 'looms before me vast, inscrutable, immutable!' In comparison he scorned all other continents and particularly the American, which he crossed in 1887 on his first tour round the world and first approach to India. In the following year came a chance to reach the heart of his chosen continent.

The Trans-Caspian Railway had just been opened to Bokhara and Samarkand, and *The Times* wanted a description of a line then widely regarded in this country as designed for the ultimate invasion of India.

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East. His career from first to last offers an exception to the rule that early entry to, and long service in, public affairs restrict scientific activities to a man's earliest and latest years. Curzon's scientific activity persisted throughout life, and hardly less of it was exercised, while he was actively engaged in politics or administration, than when he was comparatively free from those calls. Absolutely free he never was after 1886, not even during the decade which followed his resignation of the Viceroyalty in 1905 and ended with his inclusion in the Cabinet in 1915—a decade during which, moreover, he added to political activities the duties of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, of President of the Royal Geographical Society, and of Trustee of the National Gallery and of the British Museum. Subsequently, from 1915 to within a year of his death, he served continuously in the Cabinet, and for almost all that time led the House of Lords.

Had he not conceived in early years the highest political ambition—for when hardly more than an undergraduate he proposed to himself to be the first to become both Viceroy and Prime Minister—his life might well have been devoted primarily to science. He had the scientific conscience and the scientific mind. On any subject that appealed to his interest he went straight to original authorities, verifying their every reference, content with nothing short of their exhaustion. With tireless industry, patient endurance of pedestrian mental labour, the habit of accepting nothing, whether theory or fact, at second-hand, and a memory extraordinarily retentive of detail, he had all

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West for years after. Little was known outside about the change that had come over Trans-Caspia since the last campaigns, and less about Russian capacity to assimilate Orientals of whatever creed. Curzon was, therefore, as much surprised as impressed to find that the Russian policy towards Moslems in Ukraine and the Crimea was being repeated with like success in fanatical Bokhara. He met with no sort of adventure or peril, went on by railway another 150 miles to Samarkand, and in a *tarantass*⁵ 200 miles more to Tashkent ; and returning he passed back to the Caspian with as little difficulty. His one failure was to obtain leave to cross the Persian frontier to Kalat-i-Nadiri—a strong place so jealously kept from European eyes that it appealed to all his curiosity.

His journey had been undertaken, not for geographical ends but for political, and nothing in its itinerary brought the traveller anywhere near new ground. Nevertheless the resultant book, *Russia in Central Asia* (1889), proved to contain an immense amount of geographical fact.

Wherever Curzon might find himself off the beaten track, he considered it as much his pleasure as his duty to collect all social material that he could, within the time limits of his sojourn, by the laborious use of every possible opportunity. Never was a traveller more conscientiously industrious, and more impossible to satisfy with anything short of the whole truth. Being who he was, he had access to the highest placed and best informed people ; but that he got so much out of them was due less to the fact that he was an M.P. of high social standing, already marked for

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But to a foreign, and especially a British, correspondent neither access to one railhead, nor transport to the other, was expected to be made easy. Curzon, now member for Southport, agreed, however, to make the attempt. He procured an invitation from General Annenkoff, Governor-General of Trans-Caspia ; but, since this did not necessarily carry with it the consent of the Imperial Government, he had to go first to St. Petersburg. There, use diplomatic weapons as he might, he could obtain no papers. Refusing to abandon his project, he went on to Moscow. Equally unsuccessful there, he went still farther on his way in hope that the oriental element in Russian officialism would seek and find a line of less resistance than forcible stoppage of a British M.P. actually on his way to accept an official invitation. He was to try that game again on more occasions than one ; and probably no traveller has ever played it with greater zest or a more effective personal deportment ! Now, as later, it succeeded. At Vladikavkas the necessary papers were put into *The Times* correspondent's hands, and, meeting no further obstruction in Trans-Caucasia or in passing the Caspian to railhead at Uzun Ada, he stepped into the train which General Annenkoff had provided for his conveyance to Bokhara.

About this city enough mystery still hung for the journey to seem something of an adventure. The traveller, as Curzon wrote, might ' yet confess a novel excitement as he threaded the bazaars of remote Bokhara ' and be prepared for personal danger. To Britons at large it was still known for a place where one could be done to death while no word could come

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infusions of purple⁸ in his descriptions reflect real, not transient, moods. That both wit and humour reveal themselves will surprise neither intimates, who shared his rare holiday hours, nor those who have read some of his *Tales of Travel*.

A year after that first trip he was back in Trans-Caspia, but bound this time for Persia, by one of its north-eastern gates. Once again he failed to obtain from the Russians the necessary franchise for the frontier, and once again, taking the high hand, he started without authority, and of course got through. He paid a visit to Kuchan which embarrassed its suspicious khan, and then, giving his escort the slip, he turned up towards the goal of his last year's desire, Kalat-i-Nadiri, and, penetrated to the very gate of the forbidden fortress. It stood wide, and he should have pushed in; but he stopped to parley. The gate slammed and was not reopened; and the baffled Englishman had no choice but make the best of his way to Meshed and from its consulate start through Persia.

Curzon was not out to explore a vast country which even then was nowhere *terra incognita* except in isolated border-tracts of mountain or marshland. But though he had only the six months of a parliamentary recess at his disposal, he intended, as far as possible, to obtain some comprehension of the whole. His plan was to keep to main routes and frequented cities, travelling from Meshed to Teheran, thence by Kum and Isfahan to Shiraz, and finally by Bushire to Baghdad; for on such ways and in such societies he would find those who knew all the rest of the country.

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a coming man in British politics, than to a certain idiosyncrasy. He was an indefatigable, remorseless cross-examiner, who put behind him all consideration of the attitude of his witness towards cross-examination, and disregarded all times and seasons but his own. The writer once had it from a British official of the Persian Telegraph Service, at whose lonely house on the Teheran-Ispahan track Curzon stopped a night, that visitor kept host out of bed till the small hours putting every conceivable question about the surrounding district ; and in the first of the morning he was ready with full précis of the overnight's evidence, which he made his host criticize, correct, and supplement before a start could be made for the next stage.

Curzon, reviewing his own career at a farewell dinner offered in 1898 on the eve of his assumption of the Viceroyalty, spoke, without false modesty, of his travel-books as indigestible ; and, indeed, there are parts of *Russia in Central Asia* that are not much more literary than consular reports, which they closely resemble, or than a *Baedeker's Guide*,⁶ with which he protested in his preface that he challenged no comparison. But even these parts are more readable than another would have made them, being, like all the rest of the book, infused with a strong personality, thorough-going, of inexhaustible vitality, self-reliant to a fault, not always sympathetic, but consistently interesting. Curzon wrote his first book, as his last, in a singularly lucid style ; and though not proof against the temptations of fine writing,⁷ he was never guilty of affectation. Natural beauties, like those of a sunset at Bokhara, genuinely moved him, and the

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research in authorities prior to 1890 can safely be left aside. One could hardly venture to say so much of any other travel-book.

Curzon's *Persia* has the faults of his *Russia in Central Asia*, but it has also its virtues and more beside. In covering a far wider field, the author sacrificed to breadth of treatment no jot or tittle of his meticulous detail. He devoted just as much care and space to what others had seen and done as to what he saw and did himself, and the book was as good a guide to unseen Azerbaijan or unseen Kerman as to the high roads over which its author actually travelled. Avowedly a compendium of information collected mainly at second-hand, it incurred (and acknowledged) many debts. But however heavily it be discounted on this score, the exhaustive research that informs it, the thoroughness of its treatment, and the measure in which Curzon, in the course of a rapid tour, succeeded in grasping and assimilating the essential characteristics of both land and people, entitle it to an unquestioned place in the first rank of travel-literature, and its author equally without question to the honours of a geographer, who has advanced the science of the superficial features of the earth's surface. In combination with the new map, it prompted the award of the Royal Geographical Society's Gold Medal which was made to its author three years after its issue. Lord Curzon put it on record that none of his other honours, outside the domain of politics, gave him equal pleasure.

Before either book or map was off his hands, Curzon became, late in 1891, Under-Secretary of State for

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How industriously he gathered the harvest of other men's eyes has already been told.

On his return to England early in 1891, he not only sat down to write an exhaustive treatise on Persia, but pressed on the Royal Geographical Society, of whose council he became a member, a project for a new map of the country. This project was accepted, and under his tireless direction the compilation of the material was begun. Since, at that date, no trigonometrical survey had been carried out in Persia, a new map could be based only on collation of all available existing charts checked by travellers' time-records. For such a task Curzon's exhaustive reading of Persian travel-literature was the best possible qualification. He made a statement in 1892 to an evening meeting of the Society about the need for a map on the scale of sixty miles to the inch which had been used for the map of Tibet, and about his method of collecting and collating materials. The map proved itself incontestably superior to any predecessor, and though largely superseded now by surveys, Russian and other, undertaken since, it still retains a value.

In that same year appeared the two volumes on *Persia and the Persian Question* which constitute their author's most considerable single contribution to geographical—indeed to any—literature, and, in the world of books and science, will longest keep his name alive. They contain not only a most comprehensive exposition of the state of Persia in 1890, but also—it is of more enduring value—a collection, analysis, and co-ordination of all earlier authorities on the country. This is of such exhaustive completeness that further

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He confined this narrative almost wholly to things seen during a very brief visit, but the result was of considerable interest, as a record of the impression made by one of the least generally known European colonial enterprises upon a singularly observant and well-prepared mind.

In August, 1894, when *Problems of the Far East* left its author's hands, he reckoned his self-imposed task of examining 'the different aspects of the Asiatic Problem' to be more than half done. There remained, he wrote, only 'two other little-known Asiatic regions, directly bordering upon India'. What these were he did not specify; but, since he did proceed next to the Pamirs, one may guess that Chinese Turkestan or some part of it was the first of those regions. Whether the second was Afghanistan (to which he would, in fact, pay a flying visit before the end of the year) he never betrayed. Within a twelvemonth office had reclaimed him; and three years later his acceptance of the Viceroyalty of India precluded further possibility of unofficial wanderings in Asia.

The enterprise which now took him to India once more may have been intended for no more than a first instalment of a general exploration of Chinese Turkestan, on whose south-western verge the Pamirs lie; but, equally possibly, the Pamirs may have been the only part of the trans-Himalayan region where his political purpose would be served. Through them alone (always excepting the Afghan passes) was it reasonable to expect that a Russian descent on India might be attempted. But if a political motive (not, of course, expressly advertised) supplied the primary impulse

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India ; but, owing to a change of Government a few months later, this post offered only a sip of the sweets of office, not to be followed by a further taste for three years. No sooner, therefore, was his *Persia* issued, than he found himself once more free to go to Asia. The beaten track led him as far as Japan ; but before the end of the year he had left it for Korea. He did no more, indeed, than cross the peninsula, but on the way he managed not only to spend several very strenuous days at Seoul, the capital, but also to see the monasteries of the Diamond Mountains. At Chemulpo he took ship for China, and went up to Peking by way of Tientsin, where he had an interview with the aged Viceroy, Li Hung Chang. Thence he made for French Indo-China, and passed down through each province from Tonkin to Cambodia. Since he was in Korea in December and at Angkor before the end of the following month, this tour allowed him little more than a glimpse of each land visited. In publishing narratives of it, he did not attempt anything on the scale of his *Persia*. The first part appeared in book form six months after his return, under a title, *Problems of the Far East*, which promised (and was intended to promise) purely political treatment. None the less, in his account of Korea he gave not only a detailed record of things seen, but also a general geographical and social description of great service to a large public ignorant of the consular and foreign authorities to which it was largely indebted. The record of the second half of his tour was relegated to a periodical, *The Geographical Journal*, for August and September, 1893, and was written more geographically.

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This journey, by its difficulties and the remoteness and obscurity of the region into which it penetrated, came nearer to being a piece of geographical pioneering than any other journey that Curzon undertook ; and the publication of it is the most purely geographical work of his pen. Nor need its merit be discounted because the explorer's political prominence secured him official furtherance which other men would not have enjoyed. No part of the Pamirs is God's country, and the best Turkman felt hut leaves much to be desired in a temperature which falls nightly below zero Fahrenheit. 'In a week,' wrote Curzon, 'I parted with the accretions of an entire London season.'⁹ He finished the journey with a rapid ride to Kabul, and a return by Kandahar, and came back to England early in 1895 to receive in the summer the Geographical Medal which he had long desired.

To say that resumption of ministerial office in the autumn of 1895, followed by his tenure of the Viceroyalty from 1899 until the end of 1905, closed Curzon's career of geographical exploration is not by any means to imply that his interest in geographical matters ended then, or indeed would be any less serviceable to science. During the best part of a year, after he had undertaken the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs and the representation of the Foreign Office in the Commons, he still worked at the report of his journey in the Pamirs ; and subsequently as Viceroy he repeatedly promoted and energetically furthered expeditions into the less known borderlands of India. Chief of those which owed much to him were the first

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to this journey (as, indeed, of all before it), Curzon wrote sincerely in *The Geographical Journal* for 1896, that a romantic curiosity about the source of the Oxus had urged him to the Pamirs ; and no reader of his words about Bokhara and Samarkand, or of other words that he would write thereafter about Agra, Delhi, and Mandu, can doubt the reality of such an appeal to a mentality like his. As at Kalat-i-Nadiri, there was a mystery ; and he would not rest till he had solved it.

He went up from Kashmir by Gilgit, Hunza, and Baltit to the Kilik Pass and the Chinese Pamirs, visiting all except the Great Pamir ; and he established to his complete satisfaction that the southern claimant to the honour of originating the Oxus, namely the Panj stream, which rises as the Wakhjir in the Pamir-i-Wakhan, must be supported against all rivals, and especially against the Murghab. He insisted almost passionately on the more elevated cradle of the Panj, its greater length, its superior volume, and the more harmonious continuity of its valley with that of the lower Oxus. More geographers to-day agree with him than not, whereas before his visit opinion had inclined the other way. Nor was this identification his only geographical service. He stated clearly for the first time what should and should not be classed as a Pamir, and he swept into the scientific dustbin the legend that the Pamirs are the ' roof of the world '. When he came to publish his narrative he supplied an elaborate analytical account, not only of the whole region, but of its previous explorations, and a bibliography of the travellers and pilgrims.

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‘ The true and essential character of the Saracenic style ’, he wrote, ‘ is expressed in grandeur rather than in delicacy, in chastity rather than in ornament. It was by the grouping of great masses and by the artistic treatment of simple lines, that the Arab architects first impressed their genius upon the world.’

Subsequently his knowledge was increased and his taste fed by his six months’ tour in Persia and Mesopotamia, by further glimpses of Cairo and other Near Eastern cities, and by more experience of India. But the ‘ delight ’, to which he confessed, ‘ of seeing magnificent buildings, of realizing that in some cases they are not beyond repair, and of knowing that nothing except the want of money stands in the way of restoration ’ was marred in India by indignation at the state in which he found many of the most beautiful and famous. Seeing them neglected, dirty, choked inside and out with mean accretions, and often devoted to incongruous and unworthy uses, he felt keenly our responsibility for what he stigmatized as ‘ a utilitarianism which makes one shudder, and feats of desecration from which even a Goth would have shrunk’. ‘ This neglect ’, he wrote semi-officially in 1900, has been continuous, shocking, and, in my judgement, quite indefensible.’

As Viceroy, therefore, he went to India in 1899 with a deep sense of obligation to repair such neglect ; and, fortified by very considerable knowledge of the character and history of its monuments, he had already framed in his mind a policy to be pursued in regard to them and to Indian archaeology in general. Accordingly, he had hardly come down from his first season in the hills before he declared himself, on the

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Central Asian journey of Aurel Stein;¹⁰ the Kangchenjunga expedition of Douglas Freshfield¹¹ in 1902; the Tibetan expedition in that same year and the following; and the Seistan Boundary Commission in 1905-6. Over the eventual presentation of the latter's geographical results by Major MacMahon to the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Curzon presided in person. Further, it was an autograph letter from the Viceroy to Douglas Freshfield in 1905, which first turned the eyes of the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society towards Mount Everest. Had circumstances, then unforeseen, not led to his resignation a few months later, the first Everest expedition might have started at least fifteen years before it did, and even have taken the shorter track to the mountain through Nepal; for Lord Curzon had favoured this plan, and as Viceroy might well have found means to realize it.

As a young man, before more arduous travel engrossed him, Curzon had made holiday tours to Algeria, Egypt, Syria, and India, and been strongly attracted by the Arab or Saracenic style of art, especially as expressed in architecture. In later life he regarded the study of it as his speciality. Certainly by the time that he came to write his first travel-book¹² in 1889, he showed unusual comparative knowledge of Saracenic monuments over all the range of their style and much familiarity with their detail; and he was able to add new points to what was known already concerning the buildings of old Samarkand. He had grasped thus early the determining principle of Arab art.

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take steps to preserve. . . . When I myself came out to take over the direction of the new department, he gave me a list of many Hindu and Buddhist monuments which needed more careful overhauling than he himself had been able to give ; and in the summer time at Simla, he used to have me up regularly once a week, go through pending cases, and decide on the action to be taken.'

The official files contain lengthy correspondence initiated and conducted by the Viceroy about very many non-Moslem monuments, some of which are among the most remote in India—for example, a certain sculptured monolith in an obscure Madras village, whose existence Lord Curzon himself learned from forgotten records, and revealed to the provincial administration.

In his speech to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, Lord Curzon had expressed his feelings strongly ; but he could, and did, put the case more strongly still. Where he had not found unarrested decay, he did too often find cheap and summary restoration, or the 'universal whitewash' of the Public Works Department. He was never tired, for instance, of inveighing against that department for what it had done twenty years before to prepare for the visit of Edward, Prince of Wales. But, in fact, what he particularly hated was not, and is not at this day, a practice only of Public Works Departments. Many besides who are not of the East regard clean whitewash as in the best taste, and a fresh coat as due to any visitor of special distinction. A yellow variety of it was splashed all over the Aksa Mosque at Jerusalem for the Kaiser's visit in 1899 ; and at Abu Lord Curzon had to stand

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1st of November, at a dinner held in his honour by the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. The assurance then given that work on the monuments would be his primary care was followed by a series of visits to monuments themselves, and of speeches to those who ought to provide for their better keeping. 'I accept the conservation of the ancient monuments of India as an elementary obligation of Government', he said to the Municipality of Brindabun in December; and on the same day, paying a first official visit to Agra, where so much of his archaeological interest was to be focused in years to come, he added, 'I shall not rest satisfied until in each case the structure has been rendered secure against the ravages of further decay, and has received such attention as may be feasible and desirable in faithful renovation or reproduction of that which has been injured or destroyed.'

It is no doubt true that the monuments, which then and later were foremost in his mind, were the work of the Moslem conquerors of Northern India. Their style was that of his predilection; the pomp that they express appealed to his idiosyncrasy; they are most familiar to the cultivated world at large; and they stand where a Viceroy, who must pass repeatedly between Calcutta and Simla, can most easily find occasion to call. But his critics who went on to allege that he had eyes for no others did not do Lord Curzon justice. Sir John Marshall, whom he called to India, writes that the Viceroy was far from neglecting the other monuments:

'There were few really important remains of the ancient and medieval periods that he did not at some time visit and

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of interest, allowed the perpetration of all sorts of what he was fond of styling atrocities. But his severest reflections were reserved for the Supreme Government, as was only just; for what could be expected of subordinate Governments, if no sign of interest was shown from on high, if no mandate was given to spend liberally on monuments, and if Local Treasuries were taxed to their full capacity to meet mandates of different purpose?

During a decade or more there had been no officer at head-quarters entrusted with the care of monuments and antiquities; nor had the Directors-General of Archaeology, who had existed for a while after 1871, been commissioned to conserve and restore so much as to direct historical research. The total appropriation to all purposes of the Service of Antiquities, including the salaries of the provincial archaeological surveyors, had fallen below £10,000 a year for the whole of India. The Viceroy now determined that not only should there be again a Director-General, but one of a new type, a young scholar from the classical field of European archaeology, untainted by the governmental tradition of India. He rejected the claims of all existing archaeological surveyors, judging them 'insufficiently equipped', as indeed he admitted was to be expected of their relatively humble rank in the hierarchy.¹⁶ Nor would he accept any mere historian or amateur archaeologist, however qualified by Indian experience, or well esteemed in India and Whitehall; and in this attitude he was supported by Sir A. Macdonell,¹⁷ whose care of the antiquities of the North-West Province he had commended as exceptional. What

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speechless before hardly dried evidence of a similar compliment paid to himself. His horror of whitewash¹³ soon became so well known and so greatly feared from one end of India to the other that once, it is said, a Buddhist cave-temple was carefully *blackened* from floor to ceiling before the Viceregal visit !

Much of the blame Lord Curzon laid at military doors. The civil authority should be supreme, he thought, in such matters. 'I have never been able', he minuted at a later date, 'to get a thing done by military authorities through a Local Government without inordinate delay.' Their collective philistinism he held incurable, and he flouted such pleas of military necessity as were obstinately (and sometimes successfully) opposed to his demands. He never got, for example, the glacis¹⁴ of the Delhi Fort levelled or the Fort at Lahore evacuated. He was perhaps too quick to criticize those in military command and to expect taste like his own of men fresh from the utilitarian ugliness of Aldershot and Salisbury Plain.¹⁵ All facts considered, it is wonderful that he got so much evacuated in India and Burma as he did in his six years—so many latrines and commissariat stores and barrack notice-boards removed from convenient locations in or near buildings of Shah Jehan or Akbar, who, perhaps, would have been less shocked by their presence than he !

Soldiers, however, were not his only culprits. He charged much to the Local Governments which starved such antiquities officers as they employed, appropriated pittances to conservation and restoration, and for lack of close supervision and keenness

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monuments throughout India. That was much. It was more that from the start he would be assured of the support of the Viceroy. But it was most, that his appointment at head-quarters committed the Supreme Government to an interest and a policy of which he and his staff would be an outward and visible sign to the Local Governments. The creation of this interest and the promotion of this policy stand to Lord Curzon's credit. He alone could, and, in a measure, did, make archaeology officially fashionable. Other Viceroys, notably Lords Dufferin and Lytton, had interested themselves in the Indian monuments. But none before Lord Curzon had insisted on his interest being shared by the whole administrative body; none by unremitting precept and example had compelled that interest so to be maintained that it could become traditional.

His precepts were conveyed by public speeches delivered at complimentary feasts or in reply to the compliments of municipalities and other official and semi-official bodies; by lengthy minutes written in his own hand upon head-quarter files, and by autograph correspondence with Governors of Presidencies and Provinces as well as with the Secretary of State at home; by inspired letters of the Private Secretary to District Commissioners and other local authorities, and by personal semi-public allocutions, when the Viceroy had visited, critically examined, and often disapproved their works of conservation and repair; finally, and most effectively, by orders in detail, dictated on the spot, and annotated subsequently by the Viceroy himself. From 1899 until Mr. Marshall's

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he did was to write in 1901 to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson¹⁸ of the British Museum that he desired a classical scholar, under the age of thirty, associated (if one there was) with the work begun in Crete in the preceding year, whose report had deeply impressed him. Sir Edward referred the matter to Dr. A. S. Murray, Keeper of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, who, after consulting the Cretan diggers, reported that only one man with Cretan experience fulfilled all the prescribed conditions, namely, Mr. J. H. Marshall, late scholar of King's¹⁹ and member of the British School at Athens,²⁰ who had served one excavation season, showing marked ability, versatility, and initiative. Accordingly he was recommended, and was accepted by both Whitehall and the Viceroy, on condition of spending some months in preliminary studies of Indian archaeology and vernaculars. When it became known that a young man of twenty-five, without previous experience of India or any province of Oriental archaeology, had been preferred to the Director-Generalship, some cavilling, not unnaturally, was heard; and there was even a threat of protest by friends of the existing archaeological staff and others interested in Indian antiquities. But it came to nothing. Mr. Marshall duly reached India in 1902, and took up his duties on a five-year tenure. Since he is still there,²¹ it need hardly be added that he made good.

The appointment of a Director-General with express mandate to conserve and restore, as well as to research, meant that larger funds, more supervision, and some uniformity of aim would be brought to bear on the

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Chitor ' I climbed up the bamboo scaffolding round the Tower (of Fame) to the top and crawled up the staircase inside.' At Dhar he groped through holes in a Mihrab wall. At Mandu he measured the remains of a red sandstone elephant for comparison with the elephants of Delhi (' I made a study of stone elephants three years ago '). And so at a dozen other places.

How strenuously these Viceregal inspections were conducted Sir John Marshall shall bear witness :

' I call to mind a day spent with him—one of many—in the Fort at Agra. It was a broiling hot day at the end of April. We had been to the Taj at daybreak and after breakfast went on to the Fort ; and there we stayed until sunset, toiling backwards and forwards amid the fiercely hot buildings, examining plans and estimates, and taking down directions for the further progress of the work.'

And such visits were followed by research in his library at Government House, rich in the works of former visitors to the monuments of India. Thence he would write to those whom he had left to execute his orders in the provinces, calling their attention to such and such a traveller's mention or illustration of a minaret, a parapet, or what not, that should be taken into account in the restoration.

A charge of over-restoring monuments (principally Moghul) has been laid at Lord Curzon's door. On this count I once more call Sir John Marshall.

' No one could have been more scrupulous in preserving the authenticity of a building, or more averse from renovation, unless the reasons for it were unassailable. His critics on this score have been people who either never set foot on

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arrival in 1903, Lord Curzon was his own Director-General. He began, and persevered with, a series of personal visits to the places of archaeological importance; to some he returned again and again. Agra, for example, knew the fearful joy of five Viceregal inspections in six years.

On such visits Lord Curzon prefaced and followed his precepts by example. Before giving (as he said of himself) 'minute instructions on every point' of conservation and restoration to a local authority or governmental engineer, he usually had found time both to read up the pertinent literature and to examine the monument itself with the eye of a clerk of the works. Of the Agra Fort he wrote in 1900, 'I tested a good many of the columns and could find no trace of earlier stucco' below nineteenth-century plaster. So he ordered the red sandstone to be stripped of the white-wash which had been laid on for the Prince of Wales's behoof a quarter of a century earlier. When it was gone, however, the stucco proved to be, in fact, of earlier and probably original date. The Viceroy became at once as insistent for its conservation as he had been for its removal, his principle from first to last being to preserve every original feature, and never to restore, unless the perished work of a first builder were certainly known and could worthily be reproduced. His final order in 1902 ran, 'Replace the plaster where recently removed under the impression that the original pillars were plain red sandstone.' It was a fine example of loyalty in practice to a principle, whatever the sacrifice of *amour-propre*.²² At Bhubaneswar he scrambled on to a roof to overlook the shrines and detect decay. At

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and offering to refund the original cost. In the course of a few months the request was granted without any refund being required; and the panels were duly returned to Delhi. There remained, however, before complete restoration could be attempted, the question of reconstructing other panels, irretrievably lost. Coloured drawings existed of them, but it was doubtful if the requisite stones could be found in India, and certain that no Indian *mosaicista*²⁴ could execute the designs. The Acting Consul-General for Italy was consulted concerning the possibility of importing workmen from Florence or Carrara, and, in the meantime, specimens of Indian stones were collected. Finally, after two years, Lord Curzon himself wrote to the British Ambassador in Rome, invoking his help towards discovery of some Florentine *mosaicista*, able and willing to bring out the requisite materials and do the work. A man was found, and when he sailed from Genoa in August the Viceroy personally contributed half his agreed pay and fifty pounds towards his passage. Many other instances could be cited of Lord Curzon's readiness to restore at his own expense the lost beauties of Indian buildings: for example, he made persevering efforts to procure in Cairo a lamp for the dome of the Taj, efforts which were relaxed only when it became clear that neither a medieval lamp of sufficient size nor a workman capable of reproducing the polychrome glass of the fourteenth century was likely to be forthcoming. Subsequently one was procured.

The *incuria*²⁵ of white men, rather than brown, most often vexed him—*incuria* of Madras Councillors, who did not know that they had an archaeological surveyor;

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the shores of India or never understood that conditions in this country, with its tropical climate, its luxuriant jungle-growths, and its other destructive agencies, demand far more radical and permanent measures of conservation than are necessary in the West.'

It should also be borne in mind that in numerous instances the Indian conservator has to face the same difficulty that troubles the archaeological committee which is charged with the repair of the crumbling mosques of Cairo—namely, that this or that building is required by the population to continue to serve the purpose for which originally it was erected. It cannot, therefore, if treated at all, be left to be merely a picturesque ruin or an archaeological specimen. It must be restored not only to water-tight and sun-tight condition, but also, as far as possible, to the grace with which its original builders endowed it.

Lord Curzon's personal part in the execution of work that he had initiated was not always confined to inquiries about, and inspections of, its progress, or to further criticisms, revisions, and suggestions. Sometimes it took the shape of additional embellishments to be made partly or wholly at his own costs. One of his dearest wishes was to see the restoration of the Diwan-i-Am at Delhi completed by restitution of certain mosaic panels which a Frenchman of Bordeaux was supposed to have made for Shah Jehan and inserted in the walls of the recess behind the throne. Twelve of these had found their way to South Kensington,²³ having been extracted during or after the Mutiny and sold for £500. The Viceroy made personal application to the India Office asking its mediation with the Board of Education

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saving upon the Archaeological Service's budget, for its establishment would always have new work to do. 'In the course of the last five years', he wrote at the end of 1903, 'I have spent from £80,000 to £100,000 on archaeological repairs'; and a year and a half earlier he said that more had been done towards repair and restoration in different parts of India during 'the past three years than in any previous twenty'. Nor had the money been expended without close count of cost. 'Nearly all first estimates in India . . . are nonsense', he wrote in 1900 to Lord Northcote. 'I invariably reject the first estimate with contumely—I ultimately get exactly the same thing, or at least all that I want, for about one-third of the sum.' It goes without saying that in India, as elsewhere, before and after, Lord Curzon's path was marked by casualties and discontents. But undoubtedly he saved a mint of public money; and what in fact he did get for his pains may fitly be indicated in prophetic words of his own whose ultimate fulfilment general consent attests to-day. 'By the time I leave India I believe it may be said with truth that the Agra monuments will be the best tended, just as they are the best and most beautiful body of architectural remains in the world.' Had it been suggested in 1905 that when all the acts of his Viceroyalty should come to be appraised after twenty years, those monuments would be agreed his most abiding memorial, would he have 'scouted the idea with contumely' (to use his frequent phrase)? or would he have reflected that, when all is said and done, those same monuments are the most abiding memorials also of Akbar and Shah Jehan?

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of the Lahore soldiers who would not clear out of the fort and those who maintained a commissariat store masking the stone elephant before the Lahore gate of the fort of Delhi, and of the civil authority there which used the Moti Musjid—an early and peculiar favourite of Lord Curzon's—as a departmental treasury, and could hardly be induced to quit in 1903; the parsimony of the works services at Delhi, which devoted to the annual repair and maintenance of the Diwan-i-Khas the princely allowance of 375 rupees; *incuria* of civilians who used the Mandalay Palace for offices and a club, and of soldiers who stored powder in the Agra Fort. Essentially an autocratic individualist who played his hand alone, Lord Curzon was irritated beyond measure by the collective philistinism and mediocrity of view which mark the policy of all bureaucracies. Sometimes he remembered, sometimes he forgot, that officers and officials might individually be ill represented by their collective policy, but powerless to leaven the lump²⁶; and that only a Viceroy could stand outside and above the collective opinion of the bureaucracy, and produce a general change. But if he was hard on those who had not his powers and opportunity, it stands to his lasting credit that, so far as he was concerned, he made full and admirable use of both his own powers and his own opportunities in the cause of archaeology, art, and taste, and this without thought of reaping any political advantage.

When Lord Curzon finally left India in November 1905 he reckoned that the 88,450 rupees spent annually on archaeology before his arrival had swelled to 353,000. Below that figure he refused to contemplate any ultimate

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Refusing to entertain a doubt of the end to which Indian education had long been directed, Lord Curzon did not regard the system itself as at fault. What was wrong was the spirit in which, in practice, it was ensued by those, far too few, who took advantage of it at all ; and responsibility for that spirit he laid chiefly at the door of the Supreme Government. Having formulated and prescribed an exotic system, it had not realized how far it was incumbent on itself to direct and control the working and ensure financial means. Not only were budget appropriations far too small, but also, for lack not only of a Director-General, but even of any specifically Educational Department of the Supreme Government, control of the spending of those appropriations was very insufficient, and there was neither uniformity in the working of the system nor a common standard of requirement from either teachers or students.

He began at the top with proposals for the reform of the Calcutta University, of which, *ex officio*, he was Chancellor. He had two principal positive griefs, and any number of negative ones. First, the so-called Fellows, who formed the Senate, were at once far too numerous and too largely recruited from non-academic persons of local influence or conspicuous wealth. Second, the University examined without having educated, leaving the latter function to affiliated colleges of various and dubious educational standards and efficiency. The Chancellor demanded a teaching University with corporate life and spirit, to be promoted by the residence of students in worthy buildings and academic environment, that is, *mutatis mutandis*, an

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Certainly another intellectual crusade upon which Lord Curzon embarked in India with like zeal, like energy, and, it may be added, like faith in his own logic and congenital principles, has left no mark so permanent. Therein he found himself opposed by another logic and other principles on a matter of much more instant and vital interest to the people at large. This was Education.

From Lord Curzon's own standpoint—based on a deliberate conviction that no other than a western civilization could possibly be envisaged by an educational system framed and conducted by ourselves—reform was imperative and his policy very soundly conceived. He found on taking over the Viceroyalty that the system of education, which had been developed since the issue of Sir Charles Wood's famous dispatch,²⁷ still failed not only to affect an adequate proportion of Indians (not one in ten of the male and not one in forty of the female children attended any of its schools), but also to make good citizens of the remainder. The forms of western civilization might be assimilated, but very rarely with anything of its spirit. Primary Schools were neglected as not conducing immediately to government employ or social advancement. Secondary Schools, few in number, had not developed corporate spirit or moral influence. The Universities, fed by affiliated colleges which were little better than competitive cramming establishments, offered little or no instruction, contenting themselves with examining memorized knowledge, which would be discarded so soon as its possessor found a salaried place. Men enrolled themselves there not to learn but to earn.

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himself not averse from developing voluntary commercial and industrial courses subsidiary to a compulsory literary curriculum.

When, as he said of himself, he attacked 'with a burning zeal the subject of educational reform' he knew his risks. Late in 1901 he brought out a Director-General chosen from the staff of the London Board of Education. In the two following years new Primary Schools rose by the thousand, and facilities for female instruction were doubled. But criticism continued to be vocal, and, at times, virulent, exception being taken first and foremost to the inevitable increase of Government control. The battle raged chiefly over and in the Universities; but the Viceroy refusing to be longer responsible for 'dispensing an imperfect education through imperfect instruments to imperfect products with imperfect results' was not deterred from pressing a Universities Bill through the Legislature early in 1904. In spite of strenuous opposition, the tenure of the 'Fellowships' was cut down to five years, the Chancellor²⁹ undertaking to choose two-fifths of his nominees from the teaching profession. The increased Government control which must be accepted at first should be relaxed so soon as the new Senates, which would still be in great majority Indian, got into working order. These and many changes of detail the Viceroy felt sure would 'check tendencies that were leading to demoralization'. But he dared not be sanguine of speedy positive results. It would be long enough, he confessed in public, before 'a new heaven and a new earth' would 'dawn upon Higher Education in India'.

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Indian Oxford or Cambridge. Since, however, he might easily have found universities, even in England, with features not unlike both those that he specially condemned at Calcutta, but producing very unlike results, it was hardly so self-evident, as he assumed, that his two positive griefs really touched the root of the failure of University education in India.

In advocating Technical and Agricultural Colleges to supplement too literary an education, and in proposing Training Colleges and Normal Schools the Viceroy trod less disputable ground. Nor could much exception be taken to his criticism of the affiliated colleges, and of the school organization, secondary and primary. If the established system was to continue in existence at all, much reform and considerable extension were obviously called for. Fees must be not competitive but uniform ; incompetent teachers and unsuitable insanitary buildings must be replaced. Above all more public money had, he maintained, to be spent, and consequently more efficient control must be exercised by the State. The Primary Schools should be a first charge on provincial revenues, follow a uniform syllabus, and teach in the vernacular. 'Ever since the cold breath of Macaulay's rhetoric²⁸ passed over the field of Indian languages and Indian text-books', said the Viceroy, 'the elementary education of the people in their own tongues has shrivelled and pined.' An Educational Conference, convened at Simla in 1901, applauded all this declaration of policy ; but less general assent met the Viceroy's condemnation of purely vocational instruction in Secondary Schools, where, however, he declared

reformer, playing his hand alone, knows what to expect. The Chancellor's Report was a target for much angry criticism in 1909. Now, when remembered, it is spoken of as kindly as, doubtless, under Rehoboam's scorpions³⁰ they spoke of the whips of Solomon. Astonishingly little in general or in detail divides its judgements from those of the Royal Commission, which more than a dozen years later has gone over the same ground ; and none now will grudge a tribute to the comprehensive grasp and the prescient judgement which made one man's findings so largely anticipate those of a dozen Commissioners.

It was, professedly, a reasoned statement of a case, rather than a judgement. The University's Council, not the Chancellor, was to decide whether, or what, action should be taken in the direction of reform ; and, no doubt, it proved a disappointment to Lord Curzon, after the principles upon which most of his recommendations were based had been accepted by the Council, that so few of these were embodied immediately in legislation and carried into practice. But not only were there others of which some beginning of realization at once ensued, but there were more which have borne fruit in the work of the subsequent Statutory Commission.

In 1911 Lord Curzon, now created an Earl, was elected President of the Royal Geographical Society, on whose Council he had served as an ordinary member before his Viceroyalty, and as a Vice-President after his return. He accepted election with two chief aims in view. The first was to move the head-quarters of the Society from the house in Savile Row, which had

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Two years after his return from India Lord Curzon became Chancellor of another and very different University; and under other and very different conditions he again embarked on the sea of reform. He shaped and held on his course at Oxford with the same tireless energy and the same determination to master every detail of the institution that he had taken in hand, presiding continually over councils and committees and personally taking evidence from all sorts and conditions of men. The eventual Report which he submitted to the University in 1909 attested as searching and discriminating a study of a great academic system as has ever been undertaken and published by a single individual; and when it is remembered that this individual was one who during thirty years had been, not a resident in the University, but a traveller, a minister, and a Viceroy, immersed in foreign affairs and absorbed in national administration, his Report must be admitted a most masterly performance—and this after all allowance has been made for the various help freely given to its author from within the University, and also for the fact that all the principal lines of academic reform had already been laid down by more than one Commission and been common talk for half a century. However much it owed to others, every page of that Report is instinct with Lord Curzon's personality, and obviously every recommendation in it has passed through the crucible of his mind. Thus it is distinguished from all Commission Reports with their inevitable stratification, adjustments, compromise verdicts, and minority reservations. Reform is rarely popular, and one

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conclusion. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had housed his Society more spaciously and amenably than any other learned body in London.

In pursuit of his other original purpose he did much to enhance the Society's scientific reputation by stiffening its requirements from explorers, especially in the matter of surveys, on which he used to insist as the first condition of a money grant. If it has to be admitted that now and then he insisted over-much to the disadvantage of some who proposed pioneer ventures into lands too dangerous for survey operations, he effectually discouraged the globe-trotter, who is too often accepted by the public as a geographical explorer. His term as President ended in 1914, and after the War he rarely appeared again at the Society's house or meetings; but he remained one of its two Trustees, and gladly gave help in emergencies when influence was needed. His only other geographical activity to be chronicled is a study of the question of resonant sands,³² which makes a long chapter in *Tales of Travel*, published about a year before his death.

The scanty leisure which ministerial and other public duties allowed him in his last years was in large part spent on historical and archaeological studies relating to three residences, Tattersall Castle, Bodiam Castle, and Montacute House, which he had set himself to restore and embellish; on the publication of two volumes which he entitled *British Government in India*, but devoted chiefly to the history of the Viceregal residences and their successive occupants, and also of the *Tales of Travel* already mentioned; and in a search for Napoleonic relics and books to supplement

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become too small for its growing activities, library, and collections ; the other to insist on grants and other encouragements to explorers being conditional upon really scientific work and results. To the realization of the first purpose, which involved such an immediate and concrete proposition as he loved, he brought all his energy. He collected about £40,000 by personal solicitation and by letters, all written with his own hand and varied according to his conception of the idiosyncrasy of each recipient ; he tirelessly quartered the West End in search of some well-placed and roomy house, set in such surroundings as would admit of future extensions and, in particular, of a building to serve as a meeting-hall ; and he told all and sundry of his quest. After some disappointments in the Central quarters, he learned from Mr. Speaker Lowther³² that the latter's house and land in Kensington Gore were to be had. The price was stiff, but overbearing all objections whether to the situation or to the outlay, he closed with the vendor, sold the Society's premises in Savile Row, and within a twelvemonth had its headquarters transferred to Kensington. Towards the new installation he contributed infinite personal pains, himself settling the uses of the different rooms, the arrangement of the Society's pictures and Museum, and the lay-out of the garden, exacting the while no less energy and devotion from every member of the staff. From the first he contemplated re-sale of half the garden, in order to provide further funds for a hall, and he had all but achieved his aim when the outbreak of the European War cancelled negotiations, which he would not live to see brought again so near to

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the Broadley Collection which he had purchased and would ultimately devise³³ to the University of Oxford. Further he worked on a series of monographs concerned with each of the houses that he had inherited or acquired ; but only one of these was printed before his death which followed a sudden and brief illness on 20th March 1925 in the course of his sixty-seventh year.

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V. CHARLES DICKENS'

(1812-1870)

CHARLES JOHN HUFFAM DICKENS, English novelist, was born on the 7th of February 1812 at a house in the Mile End Terrace, Commercial Road, Landport (Portsea)—a house which was opened as a Dickens Museum on 22nd July 1904. His father John Dickens (d. 1851), a clerk in the navy-pay office on a salary of £80 a year, and stationed for the time being at Portsmouth, had married in 1809 Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Barrow, and she bore him a family of eight children, Charles being the second. In the winter of 1814 the family moved from Portsea in the snow, as he remembered, to London, and lodged for a time near the Middlesex hospital. The country of the novelist's childhood, however, was the kingdom of Kent,² where the family was established in proximity to the dockyard at Chatham from 1816 to 1821. He looked upon himself in later years as a man of Kent, and his capital abode as that in Ordnance Terrace, or 18 St. Mary's Place, Chatham, amid surroundings classified in Mr. Pickwick's notes as 'appearing' to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers and dockyard men. He fell into a family the general tendency of which was to go down in the world, during one of its easier periods (John Dickens was now fifth clerk on £250 a year), and he always regarded himself as belonging

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been first decreased and then mortgaged ; the creditors of the ' prodigal father ' would not give him time ; John Dickens was consigned to the Marshalsea⁵ ; Mrs. Dickens started an ' Educational Establishment ' as a forlorn hope in Upper Gower Street ; and Charles, who had helped his mother with the children, blacked the boots, carried things to the pawnshop and done other menial work, was now sent out to earn his own living as a young hand in a blacking warehouse, at Old Hungerford Stairs, on a salary of six shillings a week. He tied, trimmed and labelled blacking pots for over a year, dining off a saveloy and a slice of pudding, consorting with two very rough boys, Bob Fagin and Pol Green, and sleeping in an attic in Little College Street, Camden Town, in the house of Mrs. Roylance, while on Sunday he spent the day with his parents in their comfortable prison, where they had the services of a ' marchioness '⁶ imported from the Chatham workhouse.

Already consumed by ambition, proud, sensitive and on his dignity to an extent not uncommon among boys of talent, he felt his position keenly, and in later years worked himself up into a passion of self-pity in connexion with the ' degradation ' and ' humiliation ' of this episode. The two years of childish hardship which ate like iron into his soul were obviously of supreme importance in the growth of the novelist. Recollections of the streets and the prison and its purlieus supplied him with a store of literary material upon which he drew through all the years of his best activity. And the bitterness of such an experience was not prolonged sufficiently to become sour. From 1824 to

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by right to a comfortable, genteel, lower middle-class stratum of society. His mother taught him to read; to his father he appeared very early in the light of a young prodigy, and by him Charles was made to sit on a tall chair and warble popular ballads, or even to tell stories and anecdotes for the benefit of fellow-clerks in the office. John Dickens, however, had a small collection of books which were kept in a little room upstairs that led out of Charles's own, and in this attic the boy found his true literary instructors in *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphry Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas* and *Robinson Crusoe*.³ The story of how he played at the characters in these books and sustained his idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch is picturesquely told in *David Copperfield*. Here as well as in his first and last books and in what many regard as his best, *Great Expectations*, Dickens returns with unabated fondness and mastery to the surroundings of his childhood. From seven to nine years he was at a school kept in Clover Lane, Chatham, by a Baptist minister named William Giles, who gave him Goldsmith's *Bee*⁴ as a keepsake when the call to Somerset House necessitated the removal of the family from Rochester to a shabby house in Bayham Street, Camden Town. At the very moment when a consciousness of capacity was beginning to plump his youthful ambitions, the whole flattering dream vanished and left not a rack behind. Happiness and Chatham had been left behind together, and Charles was about to enter a school far sterner and also far more instructive than that in Clover Lane. The family income had

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behind 'Pickwick', where his son Charles was educated. 'Well really,' said the prodigal father, 'he may be said—haw—haw—to have educated himself.' He was one of the most rapid and accurate reporters in London when, at nineteen years of age, in 1831, he realized his immediate ambition and 'entered the gallery' as parliamentary reporter to the *True Sun*. Later he was reporter to the *Mirror of Parliament* and then to the *Morning Chronicle*. Several of his earliest letters are concerned with his exploits as a reporter, and allude to the experiences he had, travelling fifteen miles an hour and being upset in almost every description of known vehicle in various parts of Britain between 1831 and 1836. The family was now living in Bentwick Street, Manchester Square, but John Dickens was still no infrequent inmate of the sponging-houses. With all the accessories of these places of entertainment his son had grown to be excessively familiar. Writing about 1832 to his school friend Tom Mitton, Dickens tells him that his father has been arrested at the suit of a wine firm, and begs him go over to Cursitor Street and see what can be done. On another occasion of a paternal disappearance he observes: 'I own that his absence does not give me any great uneasiness, knowing how apt he is to get out of the way when anything goes wrong.' In yet another letter he asks for a loan of four shillings.

In the meanwhile, however, he had commenced author in a more creative sense by penning some sketches of contemporary London life, such as he had attempted in his school days in imitation of the sketches published in the *London* and other magazines

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1826, having been rescued by a family quarrel and by a windfall in the shape of a legacy to his father, from the warehouse, he spent two years at an academy known as Wellington House, at the corner of Granby Street and the Hampstead Road (the lighter traits of which are reproduced in *Salem House*⁷), and was there known as a merry and rather mischievous boy. Fortunately he learned nothing there to compromise the results of previous instruction. His father had now emerged from the Marshalsea and was seeking employment as a parliamentary reporter. A Gray's Inn solicitor with whom he had had dealings was attracted by the bright, clever look of Charles, and took him into his office as a boy at a salary of thirteen and sixpence (rising to fifteen shillings) a week. He remained in Mr. Blackmore's office from May 1827 to November 1828, but he had lost none of his eager thirst for distinction, and spent all his spare time mastering Gurney's shorthand⁸ and reading early and late at the British Museum. A more industrious apprentice in the lower grades of the literary profession has never been known, and the consciousness of opportunities used to the most splendid advantage can hardly have been absent from the man who was shortly to take his place at the head of it as if to the manner born. Lowten and Guppy, and Swiveller⁹ had been observed from this office lad's stool; he was now greatly to widen his area of study as a reporter in Doctors' Commons¹⁰ and various police courts, including Bow Street, working all day at law and much of the night at shorthand. Some one asked John Dickens, during the first eager period of curiosity as to the man

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accomplish, indicating the limits he was not to pass. This year was to be still more momentous to Dickens, for, on the 2nd of April 1836, he was married to George Hogarth's eldest daughter Catherine. He seems to have fallen in love with the daughters collectively, and, judging by subsequent events, it has been suggested that perhaps he married the wrong one. His wife's sister Mary was the romance of his early married life, and another sister, Georgina, was the dearest friend of his last ten years.

A few days before the marriage, just two months after the appearance of the *Sketches*, the first part of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* was announced. One of the chief vogues of the day was the issue of humorous, sporting or anecdotal novels in parts, with plates, and some of the best talent of the day, represented by Ainsworth, Bulwer, Marryat, Maxwell, Egan, Hook and Surtees,¹¹ had been pressed into this kind of enterprise. The publishers of the day had not been slow to perceive Dickens's aptitude for this species of 'letterpress'.¹² A member of the firm of Chapman & Hall called upon him at Furnival's Inn in December 1835 with a proposal that he should write about a Nimrod¹³ Club of amateur sportsmen, foredoomed to perpetual ignominies, while the comic illustrations were to be etched by Seymour, a well-known rival of Cruikshank (the illustrator of *Boz*). The offer was too tempting for Dickens to refuse, but he changed the idea from a club of Cockney sportsmen to that of a club of eccentric peripatetics, on the sensible grounds, first that sporting sketches were stale, and, secondly, that he knew nothing worth speaking of about

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of that day. The first of these appeared in the December number of the *Old Monthly Magazine* for 1833. By the following August, when the signature 'Boz' was first given, five of these sketches had appeared. By the end of 1834 we find him settled in rooms in Furnival's Inn, and a little later his salary on the *Morning Chronicle* was raised, owing to the intervention of one of its chiefs, George Hogarth, the father of (in addition to six sons) eight charming daughters, to one of whom, Catherine, Charles was engaged to be married before the year was out. Clearly as his career now seemed designated, he was at this time or a little before it coquetting very seriously with the stage : but circumstances were rapidly to determine another stage in his career. A year before Queen Victoria's accession appeared in two volumes *Sketches by Boz, Illustrative of Everyday Life and Everyday People*. The book came from a prentice hand, but like the little tract on the Puritan abuse of the Sabbath entitled 'Sunday under three Heads' which appeared a few months later, it contains in germ all, or almost all, the future Dickens. Glance at the headings of the pages. Here we have the Beadle and all connected with him, London streets, theatres, shows, the pawnshop, Doctors' Commons, Christmas, Newgate, coaching, the river. Here comes a satirical picture of parliament, fun made of cheap snobbery, a rap on the knuckles of sectarianism. And what could be more prophetic than the title of the opening chapter—Our Parish? With the Parish—a large one indeed—Dickens to the end concerned himself ; he began with a rapid survey of his whole field, hinting at all he might

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Claus,¹⁵ while his creator is 'the last of the mythologists and perhaps the greatest'.

When *The Pickwick Papers* appeared in book form at the close of 1837 Dickens's popular reputation was made. From the appearance of Sam Weller in part five the universal hunger for the monthly parts had risen to a furore. The book was promptly translated into French and German. The author had received little assistance from press or critics, he had no influential connexions, his class of subjects was such as to 'expose him at the outset to the fatal objection of vulgarity', yet in less than six months from the appearance of the first number, as the *Quarterly Review* almost ruefully admits, the whole reading world was talking about the Pickwickians. The names of Winkle, Wardle, Weller, Jingle, Snodgrass, Dodson & Fogg, were as familiar as household words. Pickwick chintzes figured in the linendrapers' windows, and Pickwick cigars in every tobacconist's; Weller corduroys became the stock-in-trade of every breeches-maker; Boz cabs might be seen rattling through the streets, and the portrait of the author of *Pelham* and *Crichton*¹⁶ was scraped down to make way for that of the new popular favourite on the omnibuses. A new and original genius had suddenly sprung up, there was no denying it, even though, as the *Quarterly*¹⁷ concluded, 'it required no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate—he has risen like a rocket and he will come down like the stick.' It would have needed a very emphatic gift of prophecy indeed to foretell that Dickens's reputation would have gone on rising until at the present day (after one sharp fall, which reached an extreme

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sport. The first seven pictures appeared with the signature of Seymour and the letterpress of Dickens. Before the eighth picture appeared Seymour had blown his brains out. After a brief interval of Buss, Dickens obtained the services of Hablot K. Browne, known to all as 'Phiz'. Author and illustrator were as well suited to one another and to the common creation of a unique thing as Gilbert and Sullivan.¹⁴ Having early got rid of the sporting element, Dickens found himself at once. The subject exactly suited his knowledge, his skill in arranging incidents—nay, his very limitations too. No modern book is so incalculable. We commence laughing heartily at Pickwick and his troupe. The laugh becomes kindlier. We are led on through a tangle of adventure, never dreaming what is before us. The landscape changes: Pickwick becomes the symbol of kind-heartedness, simplicity and innocent levity. Suddenly in the Fleet Prison a deeper note is struck. The medley of human relationships, the loneliness, the mystery and sadness of human destinies are fathomed. The tragedy of human life is revealed to us amid its most farcical elements. The droll and laughable figure of the hero is transfigured by the kindness of human sympathy into a beneficent and bespectacled angel in shorts and gaiters. By defying accepted rules, Dickens had transcended the limited sphere hitherto allotted to his art: he had produced a book to be enshrined henceforth in the inmost hearts of all sorts and conditions of his countrymen, and had definitely enlarged the boundaries of English humour and English fiction. As for Mr. Pickwick, he is a fairy like Puck or Santa

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schoolboy. See how he writes from Cornwall, when on a trip with two or three friends, in 1843. 'Heavens! if you could have seen the necks of bottles, distracting in their immense variety of shape, peering out of the carriage pockets! If you could have witnessed the deep devotion of the post-boys, the maniac glee of the waiters! If you could have followed us into the earthy old churches we visited, and into the strange caverns on the gloomy seashore, and down into the depths of mines, and up to the tops of giddy heights, where the unspeakably green water was roaring, I don't know how many hundred feet below. . . . I never laughed in my life as I did on this journey. It would have done you good to hear me. I was choking and gasping and bursting the buckles off the back of my stock, all the way. And Stanfield²¹'—the painter—'got into such apoplectic entanglements that we were obliged to beat him on the back with portmanteaus before we could recover him.'

The animation of Dickens's look would attract the attention of anyone, anywhere. His figure was not that of an Adonis, but his brightness made him the centre and pivot of every society he was in. The keenness and vivacity of his eye combined with his inordinate appetite for life to give the unique quality to all that he wrote. His instrument is that of the direct, sinewy English of Smollett,²² combined with much of the humorous grace of Goldsmith (his two favourite authors), but modernized to a certain extent under the influence of Washington Irving, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Lamb, and other writers of the *London Magazine*.²³ He taught himself to speak French and Italian, but he

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about 1887) it stands higher than it has ever stood before.

Dickens's assumption of the literary purple was as amazing as anything else about him. Accepting the homage of the luminaries of the literary, artistic and polite worlds as if it had been his natural due, he arranges for the settlement of his family, decrees, like another Edmund Kean,¹⁸ that his son is to go to Eton, carries on the most complicated negotiations with his publishers and editors, presides and orates with incomparable force at innumerable banquets, public and private, arranges elaborate villegiatures¹⁹ in the country, at the seaside, in France or in Italy, arbitrates in public on every topic, political ethical, artistic, social or literary, entertains and legislates for an increasingly large domestic circle, both juvenile and adult, rules himself and his time-table with a rod of iron. In his letter-writing alone, Dickens did a life's literary work. Nowadays no one thinks of writing such letters; that is to say, letters of such length and detail, for the quality is Dickens's own. He evidently enjoyed this use of the pen. Page after page of Forster's *Life*²⁰ (750 pages in the *Letters* edited by his daughter and sister-in-law) is occupied with transcription from private correspondence, and never a line of this but is thoroughly worthy of print and preservation. If he makes a tour in any part of the British Isles, he writes a full description of all he sees, of everything that happens, and writes it with such gusto, such mirth, such strokes of fine picturing, as appear in no other private letters ever given to the public. Naturally buoyant in all circumstances, a holiday gave him the exhilaration of a

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necessary allowances for the man. Dickens, even the Dickens of legend that we know, is far from perfect. The Dickens of reality to which Time may furnish a nearer approximation is far less perfect. But when we consider the corroding influence of adulation, and the intoxication of unbridled success, we cannot but wonder at the relatively high level of moderation and self-control that Dickens almost invariably observed. Mr. G. K. Chesterton²⁶ remarks suggestively that Dickens had all his life the faults of the little boy who is kept up too late at night. He is overwrought by happiness to the verge of exasperation, and yet as a matter of fact he does keep on the right side of the breaking point. The specific and curative in his case was the work in which he took such anxious pride, and such unmitigated delight. He revelled in punctual and regular work ; at his desk he was often in the highest spirits. Behold how he pictured himself, one day at Broadstairs, where he was writing *Chuzzlewit*. 'In a bay-window in a one-pair²⁷ sits, from nine o'clock to one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who writes and grins, as if he thought he was very funny indeed. At one he disappears, presently emerges from a bathing-machine, and may be seen, a kind of salmon-colour porpoise, splashing about in the ocean. After that, he may be viewed in another bay-window on the ground-floor eating a strong lunch ; and after that, walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back on the sand reading a book. Nobody bothers him, unless they know he is disposed to be talked to, and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they do say he is as good as a small fortune to the

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could have read little in any language. His ideas were those of the inchoate and insular liberalism of the 'thirties. His unique force in literature he was to owe to no supreme artistic or intellectual quality, but almost entirely to his inordinate gift of observation, his sympathy with the humble, his power over the emotions and his incomparable endowment of unalloyed human fun. To contemporaries he was not so much a man as an institution, at the very mention of whose name faces were puckered with grins or wreathed in smiles. To many his work was a revelation, the revelation of a new world and one far better than their own. And his influence went further than this in the direction of revolution or revival. It gave what were then universally referred to as 'the lower orders' a new sense of self-respect, a new feeling of citizenship. Like the defiance of another Luther, or the Declaration of a new Independence,²⁴ it emitted a fresh ray of hope across the firmament. He did for the whole English-speaking race what Burns²⁵ had done for Scotland—he gave it a new conceit of itself. He knew what a people wanted and he told what he knew. He could do this better than anybody else because his mind was theirs. He shared many of their 'great useless virtues', among which generosity ranks before justice, and sympathy before truth, even though, true to his middle-class vein, he exalts piety, chastity and honesty in a manner somewhat alien to the mind of the low-bred man. This is what makes Dickens such a demigod and his public success such a marvel, and this also is why any exclusively literary criticism of his work is bound to be so inadequate. It should also help us to make the

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covenanted for. Dickens forged ahead with the new tale of *Nicholas Nickleby* and was justified by the results, for its sale far surpassed even that of *Pickwick*. As a conception it is one of his weakest. An unmistakably 18th-century character pervades it. Some of the vignettes are among the most piquant and besetting ever written. Large parts of it are totally unobserved conventional melodrama ; but the Portsmouth Theatre and Dotheboys Hall³⁰ and Mrs. Nickleby (based to some extent, it is thought, upon Miss Bates in *Emma*,³¹ but also upon the author's Mamma) live for ever as Dickens conceived them in the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Having got rid of *Nicholas Nickleby* and resigned his editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*,³² in which *Oliver Twist* originally appeared, Dickens conceived the idea of a weekly periodical to be issued as *Master Humphrey's Clock*, to comprise short stories, essays and miscellaneous papers, after the model of Addison's *Spectator*. To make the weekly numbers 'go', he introduced Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller and his father in friendly intercourse. But the public requisitioned 'a story', and in No. 4 he had to brace himself up to give them one. Thus was commenced *The Old Curiosity Shop*, which was continued with slight interruptions, and followed by *Barnaby Rudge*. For the first time we find Dickens obsessed by a highly complicated plot. The tonality³³ achieved in *The Old Curiosity Shop* surpassed anything he had attempted in this difficult vein, while the rich humour of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, and the vivid portraiture of the wandering Bohemians, attain the very highest level of Dickensian drollery ; but in the lamentable tale of Little Nell (though Landor³⁴ and

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innkeeper, who sells beer and cold punch.' Here is the secret of such work as that of Dickens ; it is done with delight—done (in a sense) easily, done with the mechanism of mind and body in splendid order. Even so did Scott write ; though more rapidly and with less conscious care ; his chapter finished before the world had got up to breakfast. Later, Dickens produced novels less excellent with much more of mental strain. The effects of age could not have shown themselves so soon, but for the unfortunate loss of energy involved in his non-literary labours.

While the public were still rejoicing in the first sprightly runnings of the ' new humour ', the humorist set to work desperately on the grim scenes of *Oliver Twist*, the story of a parish orphan, the nucleus of which had already seen the light in his *Sketches*. The early scenes are of a harrowing reality, despite the germ of forced pathos which the observant reader may detect in the pitiful parting between Oliver and little Dick ; but what will strike every reader at once in this book is the directness and power of the English style, so nervous and unadorned : from its unmistakable clearness and vigour Dickens was to travel far as time went on. But the full effect of the old simplicity is felt in such masterpieces of description as the drive of Oliver and Sikes to Chertsey, the condemned-cell ecstasy of Fagin, or the unforgettable first encounter between Oliver and the Artful Dodger.²⁸ Before November 1837 had ended, Charles Dickens entered on an engagement to write a successor to *Pickwick* on similar lines of publication. *Oliver Twist* was then in mid-career ; a *Life of Grimaldi*²⁹ and *Barnaby Rudge* were already

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is important as closing his great character period. His *sève originale*,³⁸ as the French would say, was by this time to a considerable extent exhausted, and he had to depend more upon artistic elaboration, upon satires, upon *tours de force* of description, upon romantic and ingenious contrivances. But all these resources combined proved unequal to his powers as an original observer of popular types, until he reinforced himself by autobiographic reminiscence, as in *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*, the two great books remaining to his later career.

After these two masterpieces and the three wonderful books with which he made his début, we are inclined to rank *Chuzzlewit*. Nothing in Dickens is more admirably seen and presented than Todgers's, a bit of London particular cut out with a knife. Mr. Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp, Betsy Prig and 'Mrs. Harris'³⁹ have passed into the national language and life. The coach journey, the windy autumn night, the stealthy trail of Jonas, the undertone of tragedy in the Charity and Mercy and Chuffey episodes suggest a blending of imaginative vision and physical penetration hardly seen elsewhere. Two things are specially notable about this novel—the exceptional care taken over it (as shown by the interlineations in MS.) and the caprice or nonchalance of the purchasing public, its sales being far lower than those of any of its monthly predecessors.

At the close of 1843, to pay outstanding debts of his now lavish housekeeping, he wrote that pioneer of Christmas numbers, that national benefit⁴⁰ as Thackeray called it, *A Christmas Carol*. It failed to realize his pecuniary anticipations, and Dickens resolved upon a

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Jeffrey thought the character-drawing of this infant comparable with that of Cordelia), it is generally admitted that he committed an indecent assault upon the emotions by exhibiting a veritable monster of piety and long-suffering in a child of tender years. In *Barnaby Rudge* he was manifestly affected by the influence of Scott, whose achievements he always regarded with a touching veneration. The plot, again, is of the utmost complexity, and Edgar Allan Poe³⁵ (who predicted the conclusion) must be one of the few persons who ever really mastered it. But few of Dickens's books are written in a more admirable style.

Master Humphrey's Clock concluded, Dickens started in 1842 on his first visit to America—an episode hitherto without parallel in English literary history, for he was received everywhere with popular acclamation as the representative of a grand triumph of the English language and imagination, without regard to distinctions of nationality. He offended the American public grievously by a few words of frank description and a few quotations of the advertisement columns of American papers illustrating the essential barbarity of the old slave system (*American Notes*). Dickens was soon pining for home—no English writer is more essentially and insularly English in inspiration and aspiration than he is. He still brooded over the perverseness of America on the copyright³⁶ question, and in his next book he took the opportunity of uttering a few of his impressions about the objectionable sides of American democracy, the result being that 'all Yankee-doodle-dom blazed up like one universal soda bottle', as Carlyle said.³⁷ *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-1844)

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it tails off into a highly complicated and exacting plot. It was followed by a long rest at Broadstairs before Dickens returned to the native home of his genius, and early in 1849 'began to prepare for *David Copperfield*'.

'Of all my books,' Dickens wrote, 'I like this the best; like many fond parents I have my favourite child, and his name is David Copperfield.' In some respects it stands to Dickens in something of the same relation in which the contemporary *Pendennis*⁴² stands to Thackeray. As in that book, too, the earlier portions are the best. They gained in intensity by the autobiographical form into which they are thrown; as Thackeray observed, there was no writing against such power. The tragedy of Emily and the character of Rosa Dartle are stagey and unreal; Uriah Heep is bad art; Agnes, again, is far less convincing as a consolation than Dickens would have us believe; but these are more than compensated by the wonderful realization of early boyhood in the book, by the picture of Mr. Creakle's school, the Peggottys, the inimitable Mr. Micawber, Betsy Trotwood and that monument of selfish misery, Mrs. Gummidge.

At the end of March 1850 commenced the new twopenny weekly called *Household Words*, which Dickens planned to form a direct means of communication between himself and his readers, and as a means of collecting around him and encouraging the talents of the younger generation. No one was better qualified than he for this work, whether we consider his complete freedom from literary jealousy or his magical gift of inspiring young authors. Following the somewhat dreary and incoherent *Bleak House* of 1852,

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drastic policy of retrenchment and reform. He would save expenses by living abroad and would punish his publishers by withdrawing his custom from them, at least for a time. Like everything else upon which he ever determined, this resolution was carried out with the greatest possible precision and despatch. In June 1844 he set out for Marseilles with his now rapidly increasing family (the journey cost him £200). In a villa on the outskirts of Genoa he wrote *The Chimes*, which, during a brief excursion to London before Christmas, he read to a select circle of friends (the germ of his subsequent lecture-audiences), including Forster, Carlyle and Stanfield. He was again in London in 1845, enjoying his favourite diversion of private theatricals; and in January 1846 he experimented briefly as the editor of a London morning paper—the *Daily News*. By early spring he was back at Lausanne, writing his customary vivid letters to his friends, craving as usual for London streets, commencing *Dombey and Son*, and walking his fourteen miles daily. The success of *Dombey and Son*, completely rehabilitated the master's finances, enabled him to return to England, send his son to Eton and to begin to save money. Artistically it is less satisfactory, it contains some of Dickens's prime curios, such as Cuttle, Bunsby, Toots, Blimber, Pipchin, Mrs. MacStinger and young Biler; it contains also that masterpiece of sentimentality which trembles upon the borderland of the sublime and the ridiculous, the death of Paul Dombey ('that sweet Paul', as Jeffrey, the 'critic laureate', called him), and some grievous and unquestionable blemishes.⁴² As a narrative, moreover,

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creative impulse impelled him to write upon this occasion with the old simplicity, though with an added power. Nothing therefore, in the whole range of Dickens surpassed the early chapters of *Great Expectations* in perfection of technique or in mastery of all the resources of the novelist's art. To have created Abel Magwitch alone is to be a god indeed, says Mr. Swinburne, among the creators of deathless men. Pumblechook is actually better and droller and truer to imaginative life than Pecksniff; Joe Gargery is worthy to have been praised and loved at once by Fielding and by Sterne: Mr. Jaggers and his clients, Mr. Wemmick and his parent and his bride, are such figures as Shakespeare, when dropping out of poetry, might have created, if his lot had been cast in a later century. 'Can as much be said,' Mr. Swinburne boldly asks, 'for the creatures of any other man or god?'

In November 1867 Dickens made a second expedition to America, leaving all the writing that he was ever to complete behind him. He was to make a round sum of money, enough to free him from all embarrassments, by a long series of exhausting readings, commencing at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 2nd of December. The strain of Dickens's ordinary life was so tense and so continuous that it is, perhaps, rash to assume that he broke down eventually under this particular stress; for other reasons, however, his persistence in these readings, subsequent to his return, was strongly deprecated by his literary friends, led by the arbitrary and relentless Forster. It is a long testimony to Dickens's self-restraint, even in his most

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Hard Times (1854)—an anti-Manchester School tract,⁴³ which Ruskin regarded as Dickens's best work—was the first long story written for *Household Words*. About this time Dickens made his final home at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, and put the finishing touch to another long novel published upon the old plan, *Little Dorrit* (1855-1857). In spite of the exquisite comedy of the master of the Marshalsea and the final tragedy of the central figure, *Little Dorrit* is sadly deficient in the old vitality, the humour is often a mock reality, and the repetition of comic catch-words and overstrung similes and metaphors is such as to affect the reader with nervous irritation. The plot and characters ruin each other in this amorphous production. The *Tale of Two Cities* commenced in *All the Year Round* (the successor of *Household Words*) in 1859, is much better: the main characters are powerful, the story genuinely tragic, and the atmosphere lurid; but enormous labour was everywhere expended upon the construction of stylistic ornament.

The *Tale of Two Cities* was followed by two finer efforts at atmospheric delineation, the best things he ever did of this kind: *Great Expectations* (1861), over which there broods the mournful impression of the foggy marshes of the Lower Thames; and *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-1865), in which the ooze and mud and slime of Rotherhithe, its boatmen and loafers, are made to pervade the whole book with cumulative effect. The general effect produced by the stories is, however, very different. In the first case, the foreground was supplied by autobiographical material of the most vivid interest, and the lucidity of the

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guess at the two, or say at one of the two.' Two letters bearing the well-known superscription 'Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent' are dated the 8th of June, and, on the same Thursday, after a long spell of writing in the chalet where he habitually wrote, he collapsed suddenly at dinner. Startled by the sudden change in the colour and expression of his face, his sister-in-law (Miss Hogarth) asked him if he was ill; he said 'Yes, very ill', but added that he would finish dinner and go on afterwards to London. 'Come and lie down,' she entreated; 'Yes, on the ground,' he said, very distinctly; these were the last words he spoke, and he slid from her arms and fell upon the floor. He died at 6.10 p.m. on Friday, the 9th of June, and was buried privately in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, in the early morning of the 14th of June. One of the most appealing memorials was the drawing by his 'new illustrator' Luke Fildes in the *Graphic* of 'The Empty Chair; Gad's Hill: ninth of June, 1870.' 'Statesmen, men of science, philanthropists, the acknowledged benefactors of their race, might pass away and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of Charles Dickens' (*The Times*). In his will he enjoined his friends to erect no monument in his honour, and directed his name and dates only to be inscribed on his tomb, adding this proud provision, 'I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country on my published works.'

Dickens had no artistic ideals worth speaking about. The sympathy of his readers was the one thing he cared about and, like Cobbett,⁴⁷ he went straight for it through the avenue of the emotions. In personality,

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capricious and despotic moments, that he never broke the cord of obligation which bound him to his literary mentor, though sparring matches between them were latterly of frequent occurrence. His farewell reading was given on the 15th of March 1870, at St. James's Hall. He then vanished from 'those garish lights', as he called them, 'for evermore'. Of the three brief months that remained to him, his last book, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, was the chief occupation. It hardly promised to become a masterpiece (Longfellow's opinion) as did Thackeray's *Denis Duval*,⁴⁴ but contained much fine descriptive technique, grouped round a scene of which Dickens had an unrivalled sympathetic knowledge.

In March and April 1870 Dickens, as was his wont, was mixing in the best society; he dined with the prince at Lord Houghton's⁴⁵ and was twice at court, once at a long deferred private interview with the queen, who had given him a presentation copy of her *Leaves from a Journal of our Life in the Highlands*⁴⁶ with the inscription 'From one of the humblest of authors to one of the greatest'; and who now begged him on his persistent refusal of any other title to accept the nominal distinction of a privy councillor. He took for four months the Milner Gibsons' house at 5 Hyde Park Place, opposite the Marble Arch, where he gave a brilliant reception on the 7th of April. His last public appearance was made at the Royal Academy banquet early in May. He returned to his regular methodical routine of work at Gad's Hill on the 30th of May, and one of the last instalments he wrote of *Edwin Drood* contained an ominous speculation as to the next two people to die at Cloisterham: 'Curious to make a

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given to caricature, redundancy and a shameless subservience to popular caprice, must now be discarded as irrelevant.

As regards formal excellence it is plain that Dickens labours under the double disadvantage of writing in the least disciplined of all literary genres in the most lawless literary milieu of the modern world, that of Victorian England. In spite of these defects, which are those of masters such as Rabelais, Hugo and Tolstoy, the work of Dickens is more and more instinctively felt to be true, original and ennobling. It is already beginning to undergo a process of automatic sifting, segregation and crystallization, at the conclusion of which it will probably occupy a larger segment in the literary consciousness of the English-spoken race than ever before.

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intensity and range of creative genius he can hardly be said to have any modern rival. His creations live, move and have their being about us constantly, like those of Homer, Virgil, Chaucer, Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Molière and Sir Walter Scott. As to the books themselves, the backgrounds on which these mighty figures are projected, they are manifestly too vast, too chaotic and too unequal ever to become classics. Like most of the novels constructed upon the unreformed model of Smollett and Fielding, those of Dickens are enormous stock-pots into which the author casts every kind of autobiographical experience, emotion, pleasantries, anecdote, adage or apophthegm. The fusion is necessarily very incomplete and the hotch-potch is bound to fall to pieces with time. Dickens's plots, it must be admitted, are strangely unintelligible, the repetitions and stylistic decorations of his work exceed all bounds, the form is unmanageable and insignificant. The diffuseness of the English novel, in short, and its extravagant didacticism cannot fail to be most prejudicial to its perpetuation. In these circumstances there is very little fiction that will stand concentration and condensation, so well as that of Dickens.

For these reasons among others our interest in Dickens's novels as integers has diminished and is diminishing. But, on the other hand, our interest and pride in him as a man and as a representative author of his age and nation has been steadily augmented and is still mounting. Much of the old criticism of his work that it was not up to a sufficiently high level of art, scholarship or gentility, that as an author he is

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VI. THOMAS EDWARD LAWRENCE¹

(T. E. SHAW)

(1888-1935)

PLUTARCH² arranged his Lives in pairs, one Greek with one Roman, and it is likely that a British Plutarch would couple Colonel Lawrence with General Gordon. It would be almost nothing to Plutarch that whereas Charles George Gordon³ was a Christian mystic, Thomas Edward Lawrence had lost the Christian faith, but yet if anyone shall refresh his memory of Gordon while studying Lawrence, he will see that it makes all the difference that Lawrence had not the Christian hope. It would be everything to Plutarch that both men were entirely lonely, not only Gordon among the Chinese and Sudanese, and Lawrence among the Arabs and the aircraftmen, but both of them lonely men always and everywhere. It would be everything to Plutarch that both men overcame all human fear, that both were un-selfseeking, despising the world's honours, indifferent to its pleasures; that both were military geniuses. A difference that he would bring out is that Lawrence was a scholar, whereas Gordon's slighter excursions into archaeology were as fantastic as his religion was mystical. Other major and minor resemblances and differences must be left to this future Plutarch.

Lawrence was the second of five brothers. Their father came of an English family settled for three

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been built over as a sewer. Lawrence had identified one outlet and wished to verify his guess as to the other. He would explore it in a canoe, and persuaded a friend to go with him. They put a candle in the bows of the canoe and an acetylene lamp at the stern. It would be interesting to notice, Lawrence said, which of the two would be extinguished first, as the foulness of the air increased ; also what the attitude of the sewer-rats would be. ' At any rate,' he added, as they lay prone in the canoe, touching the walls of the sewer as they guided it in the darkness, ' there is no room to turn back.' The outlet was where he had supposed it would be. The journey took twenty minutes and became very popular, till it was forbidden by authority, perhaps because Lawrence took a pistol with him to waken the echoes under a busy street, to the startling of the people using it.

That is a sample of Lawrence's impish humour. Sir Hubert Young^s asks (in *T. E. Lawrence by his Friends*) ' Am I the only writer in this book to call him a little monkey, I wonder ? ' He is, but he and a score of others, with curious unanimity, call him an imp, some of them varying it with ' Puck ' ; and D. G. Hogarth said of him that he was not an Arab but a ' street-Arab '. It was Puck who claimed to have dropped by air, in the villages behind the Turkish lines, forged certificates of medical exemption. It was Puck who pushed his unwanted books through other people's letter-boxes ; who pretended not to be able to speak French when French was wanted, and able only to speak Arabic to an English military policeman in Cairo. When he entered the Air Force it was with the

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hundred years in Ireland, where none of them married Irishwomen. His mother was of English and Scandinavian ancestry. 'Love of her', Captain Liddell Hart⁴ tells us, 'had led the father into self-appointed exile and poverty.'

Lawrence was born at Tremadoc, in Carnarvon Bay, North Wales, August 16, 1888. His childhood was divided between Scotland, the Isle of Man, Jersey in the Channel Islands, Brittany, and the edge of the New Forest in Hampshire. When he was eight years old the family settled in Oxford for the boys' education, and the four elder ones went together to the City of Oxford High School. Every year Lawrence won prizes, even when he tried to lose one so that his elder brother might win it.

In a playground scuffle one of the bones in his leg was broken near the ankle, and he never grew much afterwards, so that this wonderful man could seem a person of no consequence among others, and he is credited with the power of shutting off, when it suited him to do so, all the intelligence in his face.

He spoke of school as 'an irrelevant and time-wasting nuisance, which I hated and contemned'. Perhaps this is not so ungrateful as it sounds. He once said that, as he liked the look of the words in some Icelandic sagas, he had taught himself Icelandic when he was twelve years old. It is likely that he would have taught himself everything else.

If school was a waste of his time, his holidays and half-holidays retrieved it. He was an explorer from the first, and a fearless one. In Oxford there was an old mill-stream which, in the course of centuries, had

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and he kept Christmas Day as a fast in his own room to protest against the absurdity of all feasting. He said that one of the hardest things required of him during the war was to learn to walk barefoot on the scorching sands of the desert ; and in India he refused to wear a topee or to believe that any one need do so. His endurance went far beyond this : I give the two supreme instances, the first in the words of one of his Air Force sergeants :—

‘ Out riding one summer evening,⁷ he came across a smash-up between a car (driven by an oldish man) and a pedestrian. When the unconscious pedestrian had been safely disposed of—stowed in the back of the car for carriage to hospital—Shaw was asked to swing the car [i.e. to crank it] for the old boy. Nervousness and excitement caused the driver to leave the ignition fully advanced, and on Shaw swinging, the starting handle flew back and broke his right arm. Without so much as a sign to show what had taken place Shaw asked if he would mind retarding the offending lever, and swung the car with his left hand. After the car was at a safe distance Shaw got an A.A. scout⁸ to “kick over” his Brough, and with his right arm dangling and changing gear with his foot, he got his bus home and parked without a word to a soul of the pain he was suffering.’

During the war he had been captured by the Turks. It was necessary to conceal the fact that he was English, and that he was Lawrence. He pretended to be a Circassian. He was flogged with the utmost cruelty. ‘To keep my mind in control I numbered the blows, but after twenty lost count, and could feel only the shapeless weight of pain. . . . They soon

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fixed intention of becoming and remaining a nobody. Being asked, 'Why don't you become an N.C.O. and get a room to yourself?' he replied at once: 'Educational examination *much* too stiff, sir.'

Sitting with two friends in their tasteful drawing-room the talk turned upon the probable improvements in the comforts and elegances of life. He said: 'In a hundred years from now, no one will think of sitting in a squalid little room like this.'

All this was his fun. There was more malice when, being angry with the French for their Syrian policy, he sent the *Croix de Guerre*⁵ which they had given him round the streets of Oxford on the neck of Dr. Hogarth's dog.

It was impishness of a higher degree when, at the Peace Conference, where he was acting as interpreter for Feisul, he arranged that Feisul should recite a chapter of the Koran verse by verse, which Lawrence 'interpreted' as a speech setting forth the Arab claims.

Impishness being Lawrence's self-indulgence we may turn at once to consider his self-severity. We may call him an ascetic, for the Greek word *askesis* meant the exercise or training to which athletes subjected themselves when preparing for the games or contests. Lawrence's *askesis* was lifelong. He never smoked till, in the Air Force, he smoked two cigarettes a year on festive occasions. He almost never drank wine, saying that he found in the delicate and varied flavours of water all that an epicure could find in the different wines. He did, however, condescend to China tea. As an undergraduate he once worked for forty-five hours at a stretch, to test his powers of endurance;

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me over the face and stalked off.' And Lawrence let him go.

During his school holidays Lawrence cycled over England to study its castles, and during his university vacations he pursued this study in France. And this decided his career. Castles meant sieges and sieges campaigns, and these meant military strategy. Major-General A. P. Wavell²⁰ says of Lawrence: 'On the theoretical side, he had read more and thought more on military history and the military art than probably any great commander.'

For his final examination in history he had to write a thesis. He decided on 'The Influence of the Crusades on the Medieval Military Architecture of Europe', and to complete it he must see the Crusaders' castles in Syria.

Nothing has been said here of his schoolboy interest in the archaeological excavations in Oxford, nor is there space to say anything more than that this led him to offer his help to the Assistant Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum in arranging the finds, and in doing this he attracted the attention of the Keeper, D. G. Hogarth, of whom Lawrence said later: 'I owe to him every good job I've had except my enlistment in the Air Force. Trenchard let me into the R.A.F. Till then D.G.H. had been a godfather to me: and he remained the best friend I ever had. A great man.'

What Hogarth did for him at once was to procure the passport without which Lawrence had been quite ready to travel in Syria, on foot, photographing the castles. Even with the passport he went in peril of

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conquered my determination not to cry, but while my will ruled my lips I used only Arabic, and before the end a merciful sickness choked my utterance.’⁹

It was possible not to recognize Lawrence, in Arab dress, as an Englishman. The English had entered Damascus in triumph. The work of Lawrence of Arabia was crowned, but there was still work to be done. An Australian doctor implored him, for the sake of humanity, to take notice of the Turkish hospital, full of Turkish sick. ‘I stepped in, to meet a sickening stench : and, as my eyes grew open, a sickening sight.’ Enough to say that it was sickening. The Australians refused a working-party. ‘We pressed the fifty fittest prisoners as labour party. . . . It was cruelty to work men so tired and ill as our miserable Turks, but haste gave us no choice. . . . The doctors told us of fifty-six dead, two hundred dying, seven hundred not dangerously ill. . . . Before the work [of burying the dead] finished, it was midnight, and I dismissed myself to bed, exhausted, since I had not slept three hours since we left Deraa four days ago.’ The next morning they had cleaned, brushed out, and disinfected one room, meaning to transfer to it the less ill cases, and to do their room in turn. At this rate three days would have seen things very fit, and Lawrence was feeling rather pleased with himself, when a medical major strode up and asked him if he spoke English, and if he was in charge. Lawrence said that in a way he was, and the major burst out, ‘Scandalous, disgraceful, outrageous, ought to be shot . . .’ Lawrence could not help laughing. ‘He glared at me, muttering “Bloody brute”. I hooted out again, and he smacked

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This first Syrian tour was in the summer of 1909. The next summer Lawrence was in France studying medieval pottery, and in the spring of 1911 Dr. Hogarth invited him to join the British Museum expedition to Jerablus on the Upper Euphrates, the presumed Carchemish of the Hittites. Hogarth was directing the excavations, and Lawrence proved of value in keeping the native labour-gangs in a good humour. Besides this he classified pottery and did all the photography.

In the off-seasons, during the winter floods and summer heats he went home only for short spells, and spent the rest of the time either travelling in Syria, north Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Greece, or staying on at the excavations with no companions but Arabs and Kurds.

He had a travelling scholarship of a hundred pounds a year for four years, in addition to which he was paid fifteen shillings a day during the digging season, and in the off-seasons there were casual jobs of very varied kinds: camel driving, harvesting, and a checker's job in coaling ships at Port Said; and these put a little money in his pocket.

It was this wandering that qualified him for the part he took in the war. In his *Seven Pillars*¹² he says: 'I had been many years going up and down the Semitic East before the war, learning the manners of the villagers and tribesmen and citizens of Syria and Mesopotamia. My poverty had constrained me to mix with the humbler classes, those seldom met by European travellers, and thus my experiences gave me an unusual angle of view, which enabled me to understand and

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his life from brigands. He took some lessons in Arabic in Oxford, and later on further lessons in Syria, so that he had a working knowledge of Arabic, enough to understand its dialects and to be understood in them. His lonely journeying was an adventure, and included adventures. The reader may decide for himself whether the following incident occurred once, or whether there were two similar incidents, for we must be on our guard against legends. One of his friends, a Syrian schoolmistress, tells us that Lawrence in wild mountain country was met by a huge cruel-looking Turk, who at once took up his gun and shot at Lawrence, missing him. Lawrence had made himself an unerring pistol-shot. To frighten the man, he took his revolver, aimed at the Turk's little finger, quite accurately. The Turk stood spell-bound, realizing that Lawrence had done just what he meant to do, neither less nor more, and was therefore to be respected. Lawrence came up to him, bandaged his finger, patted him on the back to show that he had no ill-will, shared with him what little money he had, and the two went on as friends. Sir Leonard Woolley's¹¹ story is that Lawrence was dressing on the sea-shore after a bathe, when a bullet came past him, and he looked round to see his intending murderer taking a second aim. Before he could fire, Lawrence had picked up his revolver, and shot the man through the right hand ; after which he tied up his wound, kicked him and sent him about his business. We may perhaps decide that Lawrence shot a bandit in the hand, and bound up the wound, and that Sir Leonard would have kicked him, and the schoolmistress have opened her purse to him.

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however, through the kind offices of Hogarth, was found for him in the Geographical Section of the General Staff at the War Office, in effect the War Map Department. In December, he, Woolley, and Newcombe were sent to Cairo.

For Lawrence, the four years' war was divided into two almost equal parts. Not till October 1916 did he go to Arabia, but the first two years were scarcely less active or less responsible than the last two.

The then Director-General of the Survey of Egypt (Sir Ernest Dowson⁵⁵) writes of Lawrence's work in Cairo: 'He quickly became the effective link between the Military Intelligence Service and in due course the Arab Bureau on the one side and the Survey of Egypt [a civil department of the Government of Egypt] on the other', and this meant chiefly the correction of existing maps in accordance with information 'unceasingly furnished by many keen collaborators working from land, sea, and air'. The excellent Turkish maps of Gallipoli taken from prisoners of war were specially useful. This was all done under Lawrence's superintendence. 'The Egyptian Government Press was also soon linked with G.H.Q. through Lawrence in much the same way.' It was not the easiest thing in the world for English civil servants in Egypt to work under this young outsider (an 'imp', remember!) appointed by the War Office, nor would it have been possible without the greatest good sense and good humour on their part, but their good humour was evoked by his own good humour and good sense, and by elements of genius in him. These were (as Sir Ernest Dowson enumerates them): First, 'a rare capacity to get inside

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think for the ignorant many as well as for the more enlightened . . . ' and also enabled him, in Cairo, to examine suspects and prisoners of war with great effect : ' I always knew their districts, and asked about my friends in them. Then they told me everything.'

In the winter of 1913-14 a survey of the Sinai peninsula was desired by Lord Kitchener in Egypt for military reasons, and such a survey also came within the archaeological scope of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The peninsula was under Turkish rule, and the survey could only be carried out with the permission of Turkey. Captain Liddell Hart and Mr. Robert Graves¹³ speak of the military survey as having been given an archaeological disguise. Colonel S. F. Newcombe,¹⁴ in charge of the survey, says more demurely that the Palestine Exploration Fund took the opportunity to send two archaeologists to work in co-operation with the surveyors. Colonel Newcombe rode northwards to Beersheba from his survey camp to meet ' the two eminent scientists, who had left their studies of Hittite remains at Carchemish '. He expected to meet two somewhat elderly people. ' I found C. L. Woolley and T. E. Lawrence, who looked about twenty-four years of age and eighteen respectively, though both were some six years older. My letters to them, arranging for their reception, had clearly been too polite. Undue deference ceased forthwith.'

The outbreak of the war, in August 1914, found Woolley and Lawrence in Oxford, where they were completing the record of their survey, *The Wilderness of Zin*. Naturally, they tried to join the Army at once, but Lawrence's height was against him. Work,

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lines of communication, so that the besiegers of Kut might themselves be cut off from supplies and reinforcements. Neither project appealed to the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, and Lawrence, who did not conceal his sense of the mismanagement of the campaign, incurred a great deal of dislike, some of which has persisted to this day.

Nor was he popular in Cairo when he handed in his report of what he had seen on his way back. 'He criticized the quality of the stones used for lithographing, the system of berthing barges alongside the quays, the inefficiency of the cranes for handling stores, the lack of system in shunting and entraining on the railways, the want of adequate medical stores, the blindness of the medical authorities and their want of imagination as to their probable requirements.'¹⁷ The justice of this last criticism was proved when the wounded first started coming down. On the General Staff there were those whose chief care was to 'win the war', and they would profit by criticisms however unceremonious. There were those whose chief care was for their own dignity. They would have seen to it that Lawrence got no further chance of individual activity. He, however, knew how to play his cards: he made himself more and more disagreeable (with well-founded criticisms), asked for ten days' leave, pulled strings to arrange for his transfer from the Intelligence Service to the Arab Bureau, and joined Sir Ronald Storrs, who was going to Jiddah to confer with the Arab leaders.

Whether and to what extent Great Britain and France should assist the Arab Revolt against Turkey

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the skin ' of others : to read their minds, to understand and respect their feelings. Secondly, ' his extraordinary capacity to get his own way quietly when this seemed of critical importance to a necessary end '. Thus, foreseeing that a certain General would overrule a working arrangement agreed upon between Lawrence, the Director of the Government Press, and a competent and senior Military Office, and would decree an unworkable arrangement, Lawrence was careful to absent himself from the conference presided over by the General. Thus he was able to be uninformed of the change, and to carry on uninterfered with.

' His extraordinary resourcefulness and his versatile competence may be grouped as the third important component of his success.'¹⁶

Not even his multifarious duties in Cairo exhaust the list of Lawrence's activities in the first two years of the war. ' He was sent on a mission to the Western Desert. He was sent on a mission to Greece, to get in touch with the British secret agents there. . . . He was sent on a secret mission to Mesopotamia ' (in March 1916). Ostensibly he was sent by the Military Intelligence Service in Cairo with a view to preparing maps for the Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force, particularly maps from air photographs, a new art in which he had become expert. The secret mission was to bribe the Turkish commander to allow the besieged garrison in Kut to go free, on parole. The Turks spurned the offer of a million pounds, and even of two millions. Lawrence had not had much hope of success. What he had in his own mind was the possibility of creating a revolt among the Arab tribes on the Turkish

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Lawrence's strategy was learned from the classic strategists, accepting Marshal Saxe and rejecting Marshal Foch, but it exactly suited the Arab mind. 'By European standards a particular victory was cheaply won, but Lawrence had become so imbued with Arab standards that the news made him rather uneasy because of the way its ripples would be likely to spread through all the families bereaved. Bloodless victories were the kind that the Arabs appreciated.'²¹ That is Captain Liddell Hart, and this is Lawrence himself: 'In the Turkish army materials were scarce and precious, men more plentiful than equipment. Consequently our cue should be to destroy not the army but the materials. The death of a Turkish bridge or rail, machine or gun, or high explosive, was more profitable to us than the death of a Turk. . . . Battles were a mistake. All we won in a battle was the ammunition the enemy fired off.'²² So Lawrence's warfare was directed against the railways—the rails and the bridges; but even this was to be done with calculation. 'The Turks sat in Medina on the defensive, immobile, eating for food the transport animals which were to have moved them to Mecca, but for which there was no pasture in their now restricted lines. They were harmless sitting there. . . . If he [the Turk] showed a disposition to evacuate too soon, as a step to concentrating in the small area which his numbers could dominate effectively, then we would have to try and restore his confidence . . . by reducing our enterprises against him. Our ideal was to keep his railway just working, but only just, with the maximum of loss and discomfort to him.'²³ When

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was a vexed question between the soldiers and the politicians. These last wanted a military victory to offset the Gallipoli failure and the protracted indecisive battles in the West, but neither the Chief of the Imperial General Staff at home nor the Commander-in-Chief in Egypt were willing to spare any large number of troops for Arabia. And now the unpopular Lawrence became very popular indeed. He saw things from the Arab point of view: he was definitely against the dispatch of troops; 'the tribes might defend Rabegh for months if lent advice and guns, but they would certainly scatter to their tents again as soon as they heard of the landing of foreigners in force.' 'Murray and his staff'¹⁸ [in Cairo] turned round and said I was a broth of a boy.¹⁹ They telegraphed my note *in extenso* to Robertson [in London], who sent me a message of thankfulness', and Lawrence himself was to act as liaison officer with, and adviser to, Feisul. Lawrence's report, to the above effect, was after his first visit to Arabia, where he had been seeking a likely leader for the Revolt, and had decided on Feisul, the third son of the Sherif of Mecca.

It was with the greatest unwillingness that Lawrence went: 'I urged my complete unfitness²⁰ for the job: said I hated responsibility . . . I was unlike a soldier: hated soldiering: whereas the Sirdar had telegraphed to London for certain regular officers competent to direct the Arab War. Clayton replied that they might be months arriving, and meanwhile Feisul must be linked to us. . . . So I had to go.' He found himself 'unfortunately as much in charge of the campaign as I pleased'.

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the Arabs, and guncotton wherewith to blow up the rails and bridges. On the day the English entered Damascus, he says : ' I felt a hand grip mine. " Good-bye, old fellow, I shall not be wanted any more. My job is done. We have had great fun together." '

Lawrence's job was not quite done : he had still to secure for the Arabs the fulfilment of the promise he had made them in the name of Great Britain—their national integrity and independence. He had perhaps promised more than he was authorized to do : England had made other arrangements with France, and Lawrence was embittered and disgraced in his own eyes. Not at the Peace Conference could he obtain for Feisul what he had led him to expect. But in 1921, and not till after a most dangerous and bloody rebellion in Iraq, and strife between Arabs and Jews in Palestine, Mr. Winston Churchill was sent to the Colonial Office to bring matters in the Middle East into some kind of order. He had met Lawrence at the Peace Conference and in London, and now offered him an important post in the Colonial Office. Together they went to Cairo and to Palestine, with Sir Hubert Young and Lord Trenchard. Mr. Churchill²⁵ says of Lawrence : ' His patience and readiness to work with others amazed those who knew him best. . . . The wonder was that he was able to sink his personality, to bend his imperious will, and pool his knowledge in the common stock . . . In the Arab cause he was capable of becoming—I hazard the word—a humdrum official. The effort was not in vain. His purposes prevailed'—the sign of which was that Feisul was crowned King of Iraq.

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Lawrence is betrayed into fighting his one and only pitched battle he apologizes for it, on the score of bad temper and a just contempt for the stupidity of the Turks. They had taken him by surprise in their attempt to retake Tafleh, a place of no strategic importance to them. Very well, they should pay for it! 'We had every advantage . . . and could checkmate them easily: but to my wrath that was not enough. We would play their kind of game on our pigmy scale: deliver them a pitched battle such as they wanted; kill them all. . . . We could have won by refusing battle . . . as on twenty such occasions before and since: yet bad temper and conceit united for this time to make me not content to know my power, but determined to give public advertisement of it to the enemy and to everyone.' He says that his and the Arabs' honour was partly redeemed three days later by a really 'good and serious thing': the stopping of the transport of food up the Dead Sea, 'a fortnight sooner than we had promised Allenby'.

Of Lawrence in Arabia we can add only this all-but-last word, from Allenby himself: 'Lawrence was under my command, but, after acquainting him with my strategical plan, I gave him a free hand. His co-operation was marked by the utmost loyalty, and I never had anything but praise for his work, which, indeed, was invaluable throughout the campaign.'

Mr. S. C. Rolls²⁴ had motored with, and for, Lawrence over 20,000 miles on many a perilous journey in the desert, carrying gold with which to pay or to bribe

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I think that I've dodged that sin successfully ! The Tank Corps is a hefty penance for too rich and full a youth !'

That his life in the ranks was a ' penitential ' life can be instanced in this way. He who as an officer had never saluted nor acknowledged salutes was now scrupulous in saluting, and in his frequent ' *sir's* ' to all those entitled to be so addressed, even when, off duty or in the office, they would have been glad if he had omitted them. In the War Office and the Intelligence Service he was careless of dress ; now he was always spick-and-span, ' every line always perfect, from set of hat to spacing of the puttees '. An early photograph of him in the O.T.C.²⁶ shows his puttees as conspicuously otherwise !

Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence became Aircraftman Shaw for reasons intelligible to everyone, and for a reason inexplicable to most of us, if not for a reason which is a secret from us all. He was a broken-spirited man ; he was physically exhausted by those two years of war ; he was as much exhausted by the strain of re-creating, re-suffering, it all in the *Seven Pillars* (he had once written 30,000 words ' at one sitting ') ; he wanted ' to forget and to be forgotten '—it was Arabia that he wanted to forget. His Arab campaign was as a stain upon his conscience (and that is the mystery or the secret) even after what he had secured for Feisul in Iraq and for Abdullah in Transjordan.²⁷ He had hated responsibility when he was obliged to accept it, and now he wanted to be ' like a brown paper parcel ', directed by another, put in motion by others. The Air Force was a ' rest cure '.

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Mr. Churchill continues : ‘ One day I said to Lawrence : “ What would you like to do when all this is smoothed out ? The greatest employments are open to you if you care to pursue your new career in the Colonial service.” He smiled his bland, beaming, cryptic smile, and said, “ In a very few months my work here will be finished. The job is done, and it will last.” “ But what about you ? ” “ All you will see of me is a small cloud of dust on the horizon.” ’

And it was so, but the sensation-mongering newspapers would not believe it was so. In August 1922 he had enlisted as J. H. Ross in the Royal Air Force. His secret was sold to the Press, and in six months he was discharged from that Force. The Government could not afford to have him talked about.

By deed-poll he took the name of Shaw and enlisted in the Royal Tank Corps, but after two years he was allowed to return to the Air Force, and there remained for ten years, till within two months of his death. In 1927 he went out with the Air Force to India, but was brought back (a virtual prisoner) in 1928, because the newspapers would have it that, on secret Government service, he was engineering a revolt in Waziristan. (He had scrupulously confined himself to camp all the time he was in India.)

Why did Colonel Lawrence become Aircraftman Ross, Private Shaw, Aircraftman Shaw ? No less than eight of his friends write of him as having gone into the Air Force for the same reason that thoughtful men in the Middle Ages retired into a monastery. Certainly he said : ‘ We should not be happy : and

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Farnborough I grew suddenly on fire with the glory that the air should be, and set to work full steam to make the others vibrate to it like myself.' And at last, having honestly and painfully endeavoured to submerge all his individuality in the ranks, he was rewarded for five years, in being allowed free initiative in the construction of speedboats for attendance on seaplanes. No longer confined to camp, Southampton Water was his, and the Channel, and the North Sea.

For six months before his discharge from the Air Force, at the completion of twelve years' service, Lawrence had been looking forward with mixed feelings to his retirement. Could he be happy without an aim in life? Might there not even yet be found some great work for him to do? The matter was not put to the test. Within two months of his discharge, 'riding swiftly on his motor-cycle, he saw suddenly before him over the crest of the narrow road across Egdon Heath two boys on bicycles, and braked and turned off lest he hurt them; and the temples of his brain were broken'.²⁹

No less than seventy-eight men and women have contributed to the book *Lawrence by his Friends*. It is a book to read and re-read, forward and backward, collating and occasionally contrasting his friends' views of him. One will want to go on to all the other books that have been written about him, and the great book he himself wrote. *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is a difficult book, from its length, and physically difficult from its size and weight. The easiest approach is

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Was he happy as an aircraftman? Only when he could forget himself and be forgotten by the newspapers, and having forced him out of the Air Force after six months and out of India after a year, they pestered him for interviews while he was at work, and infested him in his cottage after his retirement. Nor could he always forget himself. But at times he could be 'Colonel Lawrence' still, in asserting himself against any injustice to his comrades, and to secure their comfort. He was their comrade, even when they insisted on his personal superiority. 'I must confess', writes Mr. Bernard Shaw,²⁸ 'that when they invited me to tea he looked very like Colonel Lawrence with several aides-de-camp.'

Lawrence had written of the Arabs: 'They taught me that no man could be their leader except he ate the ranks' food, wore their clothes, lived level with them, and yet appeared better in himself', and now it was true of the aircraftmen. It is significant that, his greatest joy being in motor-cycling at anything from 60 to 100 miles an hour, he almost always took one of his comrades with him, either on pillion or in a sidecar. This could scarcely have been for companionship—for conversation is then impossible—but to give another man his own separate pleasure. And however mixed his reasons for going into the Air Force, there is this to add concerning it. Lawrence had resuscitated an unorthodox strategy in the war, which in its turn must be superseded by air-strategy, but it was precisely an aircraftman that Colonel Lawrence had become; and however monastic or penitential his motives in enlisting he was soon an aircraftman for its own sake. 'At

NOTES

INTRODUCTION :

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

¹ *Leslie Stephen* : (1832-1904), mountaineer and literary critic, is remembered chiefly as the editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Other well-known works of his are *Hours in a Library* and *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. *Studies of a Biographer*, from which this extract is taken, was written shortly before his death.

² *Mr. Herbert Spencer* . . . 'necessary implication' : Herbert Spencer (1820-1903), the philosopher, was fond of this phrase, which recurs throughout his work. In *First Principles* (1862), e.g. we read : 'This, which is ordinarily called Uniformity of Law, we found to be a necessary implication of the truth that Force can neither arise out of nothing nor lapse into nothing' (Part II, c. xxiv).

³ *Boswell* : James Boswell (1740-1795), the famous Scots author of *The Life of Samuel Johnson*. Edmund Burke (1729-1797), the philosophical and political writer and orator, and Oliver Goldsmith (1730-1774) were contemporaries of Boswell and Dr. Johnson (1709-1784).

⁴ *Mr. Sherlock Holmes* : the famous detective of Conan Doyle's stories, able to make the most amazing deductions from the smallest data.

⁵ *Scott* : Sir Walter (1771-1832), author of the *Waverley Novels*, contrived by vast erudition and dramatic imagination to people his romances with 'live' characters.

⁶ *Macaulay* : Thomas Babington, first Baron (1800-1859), a historian with an extraordinary memory for, and power to assimilate, the minor particulars of his vast reading.

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through Captain Liddell Hart's book, '*T. E. Lawrence in Arabia and After*', in which the campaign and the strategy are made as simple and lucid to the layman as possible. They are certainly made interesting, and the reader is then ready for Lawrence's own history and theory and autobiography. He will look forward to the promised Letters, and (if he may expect to live so long !) to *The Mint* (Lawrence's diary of his first months in the Air Force), which is to be withheld from publication until 1950. In the meantime, there are Mr. Vyvyan Richards's *Portrait of T. E. Lawrence* and Robert Graves's *Lawrence and the Arabs*. All the published books have been drawn upon for this short biography.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH

⁷ *hedge-schoolmaster*: an inferior half-educated sort of teacher. 'Hedge-priest' was a word in fairly common use in the sixteenth century.

⁸ *ferule*: used nowadays (though generally spelt 'ferrule') of the metal band at the end of a stick or umbrella; here applied of course to the schoolmaster's instrument of discipline.

⁹ *best house*: i.e. best inn or public-house.

¹⁰ *Mr. Filby . . . account*: Thackeray quotes Forster's *Goldsmith*—'When Goldsmith died, half the unpaid bill he owed to Mr. William Filby (amounting in all to £79) was for clothes supplied to [his] nephew Hodson' (ed. 1848, p. 520).

¹¹ *sizar*: student paying reduced fees.

¹² *killed their calf*: i.e. rejoiced, a metaphor from the parable of the Prodigal Son, see the Bible story, *Luke* xv. 11-32.

¹³ *buckeen*: young Irish squire: the word is ordinarily used in a derogatory sense.

¹⁴ *study at the Temple*: study law; the Temple includes the Inns of Court, the legal societies which admit persons to practise at the bar.

¹⁵ *the woolsack*: the seat of the Lord Chancellor, the head of the English legal profession, in the House of Lords.

¹⁶ *Farheim*, etc.: continental scholars, Farheim (or Ferrein) and Petit, scientists of Paris, and Monceau, a famous botanist.

¹⁷ *But me*, etc.: quoted from *The Traveller*, 23-30.

¹⁸ *London court*: actually 12 Green Arbour Court, near St. Paul's Cathedral.

¹⁹ *that queer coal-scuttle we read of*: 'While they were conversing . . . a poor, ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a curtsy said, "My

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The 'castles' he built were occasionally factitious, but do present clear pictures of bygone ages to the minds of his readers.

⁷ *Dryasdust*: an imaginary antiquarian, to whom Scott dedicated some of his novels, a figure conceived to be as dull and dusty as the oldest and driest volumes he handles.

I. OLIVER GOLDSMITH

¹ *W. M. Thackeray*: the extract is taken from one of the lectures contained in the *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*. Thackeray (1811-1863), with Dickens and Scott, ranks among the greatest of English novelists. He was born in India, but educated at Charterhouse School and Cambridge.

² *Auburn . . . Wakefield . . . Lissoy*: 'Lissoy, near Ballymahon [in Ireland], where his brother, the clergyman, had his living, claims the honour of being the spot from which the localities of the *Deserted Village* were derived' (Scott's *Life*). Auburn, of course, is Goldsmith's fictitious name for the village: as Macaulay points out, the *Deserted Village* is as much English as Irish.

³ *Vicar of Wakefield*: Goldsmith's novel was written in 1761-2, but not published until 1766.

⁴ *Doctor Primrose*: who is made to tell the story of *The Vicar*, is supposed to be modelled on the character of Rev. Charles Goldsmith, Oliver's father.

⁵ *Swift*: Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), author of *Gulliver's Travels* (1726).

⁶ *the kind parson*: Thackeray quotes in a footnote the lines from *The Deserted Village* which describe him. They contain the famous couplet:

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

song concerns the joys of a tiny kingdom that aims at happiness rather than dominion.

³⁰ *Lord Clare . . . Lord Nugent*: one and the same, one Robert Nugent, afterwards made Viscount Clare, and later Earl Nugent. He was a consistent friend and patron of Goldsmith's.

³¹ *Ranelagh . . . Pantheon*: Ranelagh pleasure gardens in Chelsea, near London; the Pantheon was a hall opened in 1771 for dancing and plays.

³² *Madame Cornelys*: manager of another dancing hall (Carlisle House) in London.

³³ *Mary Horneck*: Goldsmith's pet name for her was 'the Jessamy Bride'.

³⁴ *Gillray*: James Gillray (1757-1815) was a famous contemporary caricaturist.

³⁵ *Garrick*: David Garrick (1717-1779), the actor.

³⁶ *Hazlitt*: William Hazlitt (1778-1830), essayist and critic of English literature.

³⁷ *Northcote*: James Northcote (1746-1831), portrait painter.

³⁸ *the younger Colman*: his father was mentioned above—see note 25; George Colman junior was also a dramatist of repute. The quotation is from his *Random Records*.

³⁹ *Hey presto cockalorum*: nonsense words to represent a magic incantation.

⁴⁰ *crown*: the word of course is used punningly.

⁴¹ *plucked his gown*, etc.: quoting from *The Deserted Village*, l. 184.

⁴² *compassion for another's woe*: possibly alluding to lines 371-2 of *The Deserted Village*.

⁴³ *Dick Steele . . . constable*: Richard Steele (1672-1729), the essayist, with Addison, of *The Tatler* and *The*

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mama sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals''' (Forster, *Life*, bk. ii, ch. vi).

²⁰ *after Sir Joshua Reynolds*: in the style of Reynolds, the great eighteenth century portrait painter. This portrait was actually by Marchi—see Forster's *Life*.

²¹ *Beattie*: James Beattie (1735-1803), a minor Scots poet and essayist.

²² *Sterne*: Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), the novelist, author of *Tristram Shandy*, etc.

²³ *Kelly*: Hugh Kelly (1739-1777), an Irish dramatist who enjoyed considerable reputation in his day. He is now chiefly remembered because of Johnson's unkind remark to the effect that he had written more than he had read.

²⁴ *Newbery*: who published *The Vicar* for Goldsmith.

²⁵ *Colman*: George Colman the elder (1732-1794), manager of the Covent Garden Theatre.

²⁶ *Johnson . . . Gibbon . . . Burke . . . Fox . . . Pope*: all famous names—Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), the lexicographer, essayist and poet; Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), the historian; Edmund Burke, see note 3, p. 163; Charles James Fox (1749-1806), statesman; Alexander Pope (1688-1744), poet.

²⁷ *who has touched on*, etc.: alluding to the Latin inscription on Goldsmith's monument in Westminster Abbey, composed by Johnson, and particularly to the lines

Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit,

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,

which, in fact, Thackeray here translates.

²⁸ *Here, as I take*, etc.: from *The Deserted Village*, 77-112.

²⁹ *Yvetot*: 'The king of Yvetot' was a well-known French song, translated into English by Thackeray. The

QUEEN VICTORIA

⁵ *Voltaire* : (1694-1778), the French philosopher, waged a life-long war against intolerance and superstition in religion.

⁶ *Joan* : i.e. Joan of Arc.

⁷ *Queen Victoria was as unable to pose*, etc. : the first quotation is from *Queen Victoria* by Lord Ponsonby ; the second from Lytton Strachey's study (with the same title).

⁸ *Victoria met, saw*, etc. : parodying Caesar's famous dispatch ' *Veni, vidi, vici* '—' I came, I saw, I conquered '.

⁹ ' *The maypole had gone*, etc. : this passage is quoted from G. M. Young's *Portrait of an Age*. The maypole was the centre of village folk-dancing.

¹⁰ *Victorians* : Mr. Young, in his *Portrait of an Age*, says that the first example he has found of the word actually occurs in 1651.

¹¹ *The figure that*, etc. : a further citation from *Portrait of an Age*.

¹² *ensued peace* : ' followed peace ', using the word in its older transitive sense ; cf. *Psalm xxxiv.* 14, as translated by Coverdale : ' Let him seek peace and ensue it.'

¹³ *here we have no continuing city* : the words of St. Paul—see the *Epistle to the Hebrews xiii.* 4.

¹⁴ *the Queen said*, etc. : She is supposed to have said this to Disraeli. See G. W. E. Russell, *Collections and Recollections*.

¹⁵ *Plimsoll Line* : Plimsoll was the Member of Parliament whose agitation was largely responsible for the Merchant Shipping Act alluded to ; the Plimsoll Line or mark is the official line drawn on the hull of all British ships to regulate loading.

¹⁶ *Five Nations and the Seven Seas* : the five chief countries of the British Empire ; the Arctic, Antarctic, North and South Pacific, North and South Atlantic, and

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Spectator. 'To outrun the constable' is a colloquialism for getting into debt.

⁴⁴ *Citizen of the World*: the title of one of Goldsmith's collection of essays, supposed to be letters written by a Chinese sage in England.

⁴⁵ *Counsellor D.*: a counsellor is an old word for a barrister.

⁴⁶ *Prior*: Matthew Prior (1664-1721), versifier, was at one time secretary to the British Ambassador at The Hague.

⁴⁷ *bon jour*: 'good day', 'good morning' (French).

⁴⁸ *grand homme incompris*: 'the great man misunderstood' (French).

⁴⁹ *Swift . . . Pope . . . Addison . . . Goldsmith . . . Fielding*: all five are included (with seven others) as subjects in Thackeray's *English Humourists* (see note 1 above).

II. QUEEN VICTORIA

¹ *Charles Williams*: (1886-), poet, literary critic, novelist, biographer, dramatist, man of letters. *Conformity*, *Divorce*, *Windows of Night* are volumes of verse; *The English Poetic Mind*, his best known essay in literary criticism; *The Place of the Lion*, *War in Heaven*, *Many Dimensions*, *Descent into Hell*, are novels, stories of mystical adventure; *Cranmer of Canterbury*, his most famous play; his biographies include studies of *Elizabeth*, *Bacon* and *James I.*

² *the Revolution*: the French revolution began in 1789; the Industrial Revolution towards the end of the eighteenth century, the latter brought about largely by mechanical inventions.

³ *Wesley*: John Wesley (1703-1791), the great religious preacher and 'Methodist', revived religious life in England.

⁴ *the greater and better part*, etc.: quoted from G. M. Young, *Portrait of an Age*, p. 13.

HENRY FIELDING

⁷ *Pamela*: Richardson's first novel, and a book which has some claim to be called the first English novel. Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* began, as is explained by Scott, in parody of *Pamela*. See below, note 13.

⁸ *Gay's desire to satirize Philips*: the character of Ambrose Philips' (1675-1749) verse is sufficiently suggested by his nickname 'Namby-Pamby'. John Gay (1685-1732), the author of the *Beggar's Opera*, wrote a parody of Philips' *Pastorals*, viz. *The Shepherds' Week* (1714).

⁹ *Don Quixote*: (de la Mancha), the hero of Cervantes' famous romance (1605), constantly finds himself in distressing circumstances.

¹⁰ *roman comique of . . . Scarron*: Paul Scarron (1610-1660) wrote comedies, burlesquing the old French heroic romances.

¹¹ *spunging house*: where debtors were kept before being thrown into prison in order to give them a last chance to settle.

¹² *retorted*: 'requited'; the verb is usually intransitive in modern usage.

¹³ *Clarissa . . . Sir Charles Grandison*: *Clarissa Harlowe* (1747-1748) and *Sir Charles Grandison* (1753-1754), together with *Pamela* (1740-1741) are Samuel Richardson's (1689-1761) three famous novels.

¹⁴ *Clementina*: Clementina Porretta, the Italian semi-heroine in *Sir Charles Grandison*. Clementina loves the hero, but is made unhappy by her lover's comparative coldness and different religious faith.

¹⁵ *it is not easy to see what Fielding proposed*: the story was of the triumphant career of an unscrupulous rogue, showing how 'greatness' does not always connote 'goodness'.

¹⁶ *the Ordinary . . . in Newgate*: the Newgate prison chaplain.

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Indian Oceans. Both phrases are taken from the titles of Kipling's books.

¹⁷ *story told by Dame Ethel Smyth*: see her autobiography, *Impressions that Remained*.

¹⁸ *The one thing common*, etc.: quoting G. M. Young, op. cit.

¹⁹ *myth*: i.e. she was already a sort of legendary heroine.

²⁰ *with an astonishing pertinacity*, etc.: quoting from Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

III. HENRY FIELDING

¹ *Sir Walter Scott*: see note 5 above (p. 163). The present extract is taken from Scott's essay on Fielding, first published as one of a series of prefaces to the 'Novelist's Library' (ten volumes, 1821-1824). They were reprinted in *The World's Classics* in 1906.

² *History of David Simple*, published in 1744. Sarah Fielding (1710-1768), besides other romances, was a translator of Xenophon.

³ *Parson Trulliber*: a character in *Joseph Andrews*.

⁴ *hackney writer*: 'hackney', ordinarily used of a horse or carriage on hire, was early applied to drudge writing, as in the common and abbreviated form, 'hack'.

⁵ *Wycherley . . . Congreve . . . Vanbrugh . . . Farquhar*: 'artificial' comedy-writers of the Restoration period. Among their well-known plays are *The Plain Dealer* by Wycherley (1640-1716); *The Way of the World* by Congreve (1670-1729); *The Relapse* by Vanbrugh (1664-1726); and *The Beaux' Stratagem* by Farquhar (1678-1707).

⁶ *Great Mogul*: the name given to the Mogul emperor by Europeans; in this case it was of course used for advertisement only.

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³ *Quellenforschung*: 'searching for origins', or 'the discovery of roots'.

⁴ *Literae Humaniores*: classical philosophy, generally considered the most learned and distinguished 'honours school' at Oxford.

⁵ *tarantass*: a four-wheeled Russian travelling carriage.

⁶ *Baedeker's Guide*: belonging to the famous German continental guide-book series.

⁷ *the temptations of fine writing*: the temptation to indulge in rhetoric for its own sake.

⁸ *purple*: alluding to the phrase 'purple patch', an ornate passage in literature, Horace's *purpureus pannus* (*Art of Poetry*).

⁹ *London season*: the time, usually now considered to last from May to July, each year, when fashionable people congregate.

¹⁰ *Aurel Stein*: (1862-), one of the foremost of archaeologists and explorers.

¹¹ *Douglas Freshfield*: the Caucasus explorer.

¹² *his first travel book*: *Russia in Central Asia*.

¹³ *His horror of whitewash . . . it is said*: quoted from Sir John Marshall's letter—see note 2, above.

¹⁴ *glacis*: the exposed slope immediately surrounding a fort.

¹⁵ *Aldershot and Salisbury Plain*: where, in the south of England, are situated great military camps.

¹⁶ *hierarchy*: i.e. government service.

¹⁷ *Sir A. Macdonell*: (1842-1925), of the Indian Civil Service.

¹⁸ *Sir Edward Maunde Thompson*: (1840-1929), Director of the British Museum.

¹⁹ *scholar of King's*: King's College, Cambridge.

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¹⁷ *Culloden*, near Inverness, where the Young Pretender was defeated in 1746.

¹⁸ *Lyttelton*: schoolfellow of Fielding at Eton, Lord of the Treasury in 1744 and Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1756.

¹⁹ *imposthume* . . . *poor's rates*: 'imposthume' is an archaic word for 'abscess'. The Poor Law was reformed in 1834.

²⁰ *Ralph Allen*: a wealthy contemporary of lowly social status, friend too of the poet Pope.

²¹ *Let humble Allen*, etc.: quoted from Pope's *Satires and Epistles*, Epilogue, Dialogue I, 135.

²² *Macheath*: the highwayman hero of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. The quotation is from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, ed. Hill, II, 278. Johnson actually wrote: 'Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the play-house or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety because he sees Macheath relieved upon the stage.'

²³ *picaroon*: rogue.

IV. LORD CURZON

¹ *D. G. Hogarth*: (1862-1927), geographer, archaeologist, and essayist. The titles of his works, for example, *The Near East*, *A Wandering Scholar in the Levant*, *The Penetration of Arabia*, *Accidents of an Antiquary's Life*, indicate sufficiently the scope of his studious yet adventurous life. See also Mr. Page's essay, the sixth in this book, on T. E. Lawrence.

² *he was contemplating a treatise*: see letter from Sir John Marshall, dated 27 March 1926. Dr. Hogarth adds in a footnote: 'From this letter all my subsequent quotations of Sir John's words are taken.'

CHARLES DICKENS

³² *the question of resonant sands*: musical sands. For an interesting article on this subject see *Nature*, vol. xlv, pp. 322ff. The 'long chapter' referred to is entitled 'The Singing Sands', pp. 261-339 of *Tales of Travel* (1923). See also Ronaldshay's *Curzon*, i, p. 83.

³³ *devise*: give by will, a legal term.

V. CHARLES DICKENS

¹ *Thomas Seccombe*: (1866-1923), lectured on English literature at universities both in Canada and England. He contributed several hundred biographies to the great *Dictionary of National Biography*, of which he became assistant editor under Leslie Stephen. He edited also several English classics; perhaps his best remembered critical study is *The Age of Johnson* (1900).

² *kingdom of Kent*: Kent was in fact a separate kingdom in Anglo-Saxon times.

³ *Roderick Random*, etc.: *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker* are the novels of Tobias Smollett (1721-1771). Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* appeared in 1719.

⁴ *Bee*: a periodical published, and containing essays, by Goldsmith (1759).

⁵ *Marshalsea*: a prison for debtors in Southwark, London.

⁶ *marchioness*: alluding to the character in Dickens' novel *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1841), the household drudge who finally marries Dick Swiveller (see note 9 below).

⁷ *Salem House*: in *David Copperfield*.

⁸ *Gurney's shorthand*: Thomas Gurney (1705-1770), the inventor of 'brachygraphy', a sort of shorthand.

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²⁰ *British School at Athens* : a society for archaeological research in Greece.

²¹ *since he is still there* : he retired in 1931.

²² *amour-propre* : 'self-esteem', a French word naturalized in English.

²³ *to South Kensington* : i.e. to the Museum there, in south-west London.

²⁴ *mosaicista* : Italian worker in mosaic.

²⁵ *incuria* : heedlessness.

²⁶ *to leaven the lump* : as a small quantity of fermenting substance transforms the lump of dough. Cf. *Luke* xiii. 20-21 : 'The Kingdom of God . . . is like leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.'

²⁷ *Sir Charles Wood's famous dispatch* : from the time of Macaulay 'concentration on western studies remained the watchword and was confirmed by Sir Charles Wood's famous dispatch of 1854'—see *The Education of India* by Arthur Mayhew (1926), p. 26.

²⁸ *Macaulay's rhetoric* : in his famous Minute of February 1835, for example, which begins—'We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother-tongue.'

²⁹ *the Chancellor* : i.e. of the University of Calcutta.

³⁰ *Rehoboam's scorpions* : Rehoboam succeeded his father Solomon as King of Israel, and the people complained of his 'grievous yoke'. But the king was unrepentant, and said : 'My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke : my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions'—see 1 *Kings* xii. 14.

³¹ *Mr. Speaker Lowther* : Viscount Ullswater was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1905-32.

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extraordinary. 'When Edmund burst in upon his wife [after his triumph] he is said to have cried, "Mary, you shall ride in your coach, and Charlie shall go to Eton."' See H. W. Hillebrand, *Edmund Kean* (1933), p. 137.

¹⁹ *villegiatures* : or 'villeggiaturas', rural retirements.

²⁰ *Forster's Life* : John Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens* appeared in 1872-4; his *Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith* in 1848. Forster (1812-1876) was one of the earliest of English 'professional' biographers.

²¹ *Stanfield* : W. Clarkson Stanfield (1794-1867), English marine painter.

²² *Smollett* : see note 3 above.

²³ *Washington Irving*, etc. : Washington Irving (1783-1859) whose *Sketch-Book* of essays and tales contains the legend of Rip van Winkle; Sydney Smith (1771-1845), humorous essayist; Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850), founder and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; Charles Lamb (1775-1834), the essayist; the *London Magazine* (1820-1829), the contributors to which included Lamb, De Quincey and Hazlitt:

²⁴ *Luther*, etc. : referring to Martin Luther (1483-1546), the protestant reformer, and his defiant action in nailing his *Theses* to the church door at Wittenberg.

²⁵ *Burns* : Robert Burns (1759-1796), the Scots poet, earned world-wide recognition for Scots poetry.

²⁶ *Mr. G. K. Chesterton* : (1874-1936), novelist, essayist and poet. His study of *Charles Dickens* appeared in 1906.

²⁷ *in a one-pair* : i.e. on the first floor, up one flight of stairs.

²⁸ *Oliver and Sikes*, etc. : all these of course are characters and incidents in *Oliver Twist*.

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⁹ *Lowten . . . Guppy . . . Swiveller* : Lowten, the 'puffy-faced' young clerk to Mr. Pickwick ; Guppy, the lawyer's clerk in *Bleak House* ; Dick Swiveller, yet another clerk character, appearing in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

¹⁰ *Doctors' Commons* : originally the common-room and refectory of the College of Doctors of Civil Law, in London.

¹¹ *Ainsworth*, etc. : Harrison Ainsworth (1805-1882) ; Bulwer, i.e. Bulwer-Lytton (1803-1873) (see note 16 below) ; Frederick Marryat (1792-1848), all three prolific and successful novelists ; Pierce Egan, father and son, associated with 'Life in London', a sporting journal of the early 1820's ; Theodore Hook (1788-1841) the wit ; and R. S. Surtees (1803-1864), of *Mr. Jorrocks* fame.

¹² *letterpress* : as opposed to illustration.

¹³ *Nimrod* : the 'mighty hunter' mentioned in *Genesis* x. 9.

¹⁴ *Gilbert and Sullivan* : W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911), author of the *Bab Ballads*, combined with Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) to produce the famous series of comic operas.

¹⁵ *Puck . . . Santa Claus* : Puck is the spirit of mischief, see, e.g. Shakespeare's *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (II, i, 40) ; Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, is the kindly patron saint of children.

¹⁶ *the author of Pelham and Crichton* : Edward Bulwer-Lytton, first Lord Lytton, author also of *The Last Days of Pompeii* : see note 11 above.

¹⁷ *Quarterly* : the *Quarterly Review*, founded in 1809, an influential literary journal. An article criticizing Keats, which appeared in 1818, is supposed to have hastened that poet's early death.

¹⁸ *Edmund Kean* : (1787-1833) of poor parentage, whose rise to fame, as a famous tragic actor, was sudden and

CHARLES DICKENS

³⁷ *as Carlyle said*: Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), author of *Sartor Resartus*, *French Revolution*, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters*, etc. I have not succeeded in tracing this quotation, but for the circumstances see Carlyle's letters to Dickens (then in the U.S.A.) and Forster, both written 26 March 1842, quoted in D. A. Wilson, *Life of Carlyle* (1925), iii, p. 159.

³⁸ *sève originale*: 'native genius' (French). *Sève* literally means 'pith' or 'strength'.

³⁹ *Mrs. Harris*: the name is written within quotation marks, as Mrs. Harris herself never appears in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, though constantly invoked by her bosom friend, Mrs. Gamp.

⁴⁰ *national benefit*: a 'benefit' performance is one where all receipts go to some particular player. Thackeray meant that Dickens had supplied a story as a 'benefit' in this sense to all England.

⁴¹ *grievous and unquestionable blemishes*: e.g. failures of characterization in Carker and Edith Dombey.

⁴² *Pendennis*: published in 1848-1850, this novel is to some extent autobiographical.

⁴³ *an anti-Manchester school tract*: the 'Manchester school' in politics was a name first given by Disraeli to the followers of Cobden and Bright. This 'eminently practical' school is satirized in *Hard Times* as standing only for material as opposed to spiritual values.

⁴⁴ *Denis Duval*: Thackeray's last and unfinished novel.

⁴⁵ *Lord Houghton's*: Richard Monckton Milnes (1809-1885), first Baron Houghton, the editor of Keats.

⁴⁶ *Leaves from a Journal*, etc., appeared privately in 1867.

⁴⁷ *Cobbett*: William Cobbett (1762-1835), radical politician and author of *Rural Rides*.

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²⁹ *Grimaldi* : Joseph Grimaldi (1779-1837), a celebrated clown. Dickens' edition of Grimaldi's *Memoirs* appeared in 1838.

³⁰ *Dotheboys Hall* : Mr. Wackford Squeers' notorious school, where the forty wretched children in his charge were victimized in every possible way. In the story Nicholas finally runs away with his unfortunate friend Smike.

³¹ *Miss Bates in Emma* : Emma is the bright and rather self-complacent heroine of Jane Austen's novel of that name (1815).

³² *Bentley's Miscellany* : Richard (1794-1871) was the publisher who founded this journal under Dickens' editorship.

³³ *tonality* : the writer is referring to the complicated scheme involved in the construction of this novel ; the metaphor is from painting, when colours are cunningly combined for artistic effect.

³⁴ *Landor* : Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864), author of *Imaginary Conversations*. For Jeffrey (who said Dickens' pathos moved him to tears) see note 23 above. The poet Swinburne (*Quarterly Review*, July 1902) was one of the severest assailants of Dickens in this aspect, although no other, of his work.

³⁵ *Edgar Allan Poe* : (1809-1849), American poet and essayist.

³⁶ *copyright* : the United States were in a position to publish his works without paying him any royalty. (In fact the United States are still outside the International Copyright Convention which protects authors' rights in most countries of the world.)

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¹⁰ *Major-General A. P. Wavell*: writing in *Lawrence by his Friends* (1937).

¹¹ *Sir Leonard Woolley*: also in *Lawrence by his Friends*.

¹² *Seven Pillars: The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (see p. 161 of Mr. Page's essay) appeared in 1926. The quotation is from ch. vi.

¹³ *Mr. Robert Graves*: in his book, *Lawrence and the Arabs*.

¹⁴ *Colonel F. S. Newcombe*: another contributor to *Lawrence by his Friends*.

¹⁵ *Sir Ernest Dowson*: (1876-); he had been Director-General since 1909. The quotation is from *Lawrence by his Friends*.

¹⁶ *His extraordinary resourcefulness*, etc.: continuing the quotation from Sir Ernest Dowson's article.

¹⁷ *He criticized the quality*, etc.: see Liddell Hart, 'T. E. Lawrence' In *Arabia and After* (1935), pp. 101-102.

¹⁸ *Murray and his staff*, etc.: see Liddell Hart, op. cit., p. 124. Sir Archibald Murray was Commander in Chief in Egypt.

¹⁹ *a broth of a boy*: i.e. 'a good fellow'—an Irishism. Sir William Robertson was Chief of the Imperial General Staff in England.

²⁰ *I urged my complete unfitness*: see *Seven Pillars*, ch. xvii. The quotation next following is from the same, ch. xxxiii. 'Clayton' is General Sir Gilbert Clayton, of the Intelligence Service, Cairo.

²¹ *By European standards*, etc.: quoting from Liddell Hart, op. cit., p. 139.

²² *In the Turkish army*, etc.: see *Seven Pillars*, ch. xxxiii; summarized in these words by Liddell Hart, op. cit., pp. 174-6.

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VI. THOMAS EDWARD LAWRENCE

(T. E. SHAW)

¹ *Frederick Page*: (1879-), author of *Patmore: A Study in Poetry* (1933), contributor to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and assistant editor of *The World's Classics*.

² *Plutarch* (c. 46-c. 120), a famous Greek biographer. His 'Parallel Lives' presents the life of some famous Greek with that of some famous Roman. Plutarch's interest is more moral than historical. Sir Thomas North's famous translation of the *Lives* into English appeared in 1579, and furnished Shakespeare with the plot, and some of the language, of his Roman plays *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*.

³ *Charles George Gordon*: (1833-1885), distinguished soldier and earnest Christian, did useful and self-sacrificing service for his country in Russia, India, China and Egypt. He was killed at the siege of Khartoum.

⁴ *Captain Liddell Hart*: in *The Times* obituary notice, 20 May 1935.

⁵ *Sir Hubert Young*: was assistant Political Officer, Mesopotamia, 1915-17. Sir Hubert was appointed Governor of Nyasaland in 1932.

⁶ *Croix du Guerre*: French military medal.

⁷ *Out riding one summer evening*, etc.: quoted from Robert Graves, *Lawrence and the Arabs*.

⁸ *an A.A. scout*: an official of the British 'Automobile Association', posted all over the country to aid members on the road.

⁹ *To keep my mind*, etc.: quoted from *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, ch. lxxx.

NOTES

²³ *The Turks sat in Medina*, etc.: see Liddell Hart, op. cit., pp. 189, 225. The two quotations following are from *Seven Pillars*, chs. lxxxv and lxxxvii.

²⁴ *Mr. S. C. Rolls*: another contributor to *Lawrence by his Friends*.

²⁵ *Mr. Churchill*: Mr. Winston Churchill, writing in the same volume.

²⁶ *the O.T.C.*: the Officers' Training Corps attached to universities.

²⁷ *Feisul in Iraq and for Abdullah in Transjordan*. Feisul ul Husain (1885-1933), king of Iraq from 1921, third son of Sharif Husain. Sharif Abdullah was recognized in 1921 as Amir of Transjordan.

²⁸ *Mr. Bernard Shaw*: in *Lawrence by his Friends*.

²⁹ *riding swiftly*, etc.: *ibid.*, in article contributed by H. Williamson.

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